NEXT WEEK, "OLD ECKERSAL'S DEPUTY," A THRILLING WESTERN STORY

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A TANGLE OF FATE; Or, THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE.

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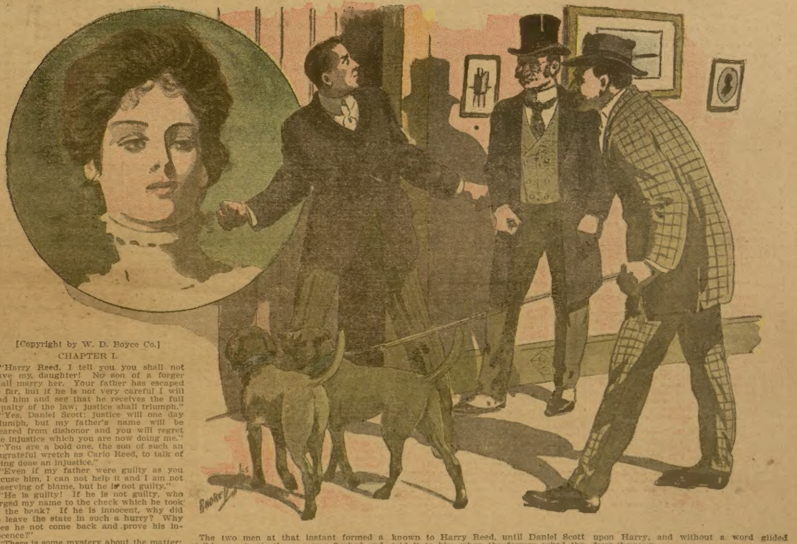

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CHAPTER I.

"Harry Reed, I tell you you shall not have my daughter! No son of a forger shall marry her. Your father has escaped so far, but if he is not very careful I will find him and see that he receives the full penalty of the law; justice shall triumph."

"Yes, Daniel Scott; justice will one day triumph, but my father's name will be cleared from dishonor and you will regret the injustice which you are now doing me."

"You are a bold one, the son of such an ungrateful wretch as Carlo Reed, to talk of being done an injustice."

"Even if my father were guilty as you accuse him, I can not help it and I am not deserving of blame, but he is not guilty."

"He is guilty! If he is not guilty, who forged my name to the check which he took to the bank? If he is innocent, why did he leave the state in such a hurry? Why does he not come back and prove his innocence?"

"There is some mystery about the matter; the hand of an enemy is at work in all this."

"A pretty way you fix up to try to clear up your father's criminal act. Who is the enemy who had a hand in the matter?"

"I do not know."

"Oh! I see; the enemy you speak of is merely a creature of your imagination, a scapegoat of fancy for your father's crime."

"Have it as you will, sir; but my father has been the victim of foul play; he has been made the scapegoat for the villainy of this hidden enemy."

"High sounding talk, but Carlo Reed has confessed practically by his action that he is guilty, and there is no boubt that he is the only man who profited by the forgery; then, to add insult to injury, you come to ask me for the hand of my daughter—it is preposterous! I would be a model parent, indeed, to give my innocent child to the son of an ingrate, a dishonorabde wretch, a forger of my own name, a worse than thief! I——"

"Beware, sir; my father has not been convicted of crime, and it is cowardly and mean of you to speak of him thus, to me. If you have anything to say about my own shortcomings, I am ready to hear it, but do not malign my father, to me."

"You impudent young scoundrel! I'll say what I please, and——"

Daniel Scott paused, trembling with rage, as the rustle of woman's garments came into the room. He glared at Harry Reed in a manner which was fully as expressive as words could have been.

The younger man faced the other composedly, although there was a steely look in his fine, gray eyes and his finely chiseled lips met in a straight line.

The two men at that instant formed a striking contrast; the one was flushed and furious; the other, pale and self-possessed.

"Surely, father, you and Harry are not going to quarrel."

Ethel Scott advanced to the side of her stern parent as she spoke. Her beautiful face was raised to her father's and her bright blue eyes looked pleadingly into his.

At sight of his daughter the cloud partly lifted from Daniel Scott's massive brow. A look of tenderness stole into Harry's eyes.

Save when his temper was out of leash, Daniel Scott was a just man and a gentleman; but when his temper got beyond control, which it did but rarely, he was transformed into a being of fury, a salve of passion. He had decided notions of honor, he was scrupulously just in his business dealings, and he was very exacting with others; in fact, he was something of a Shylock.

Daniel Scott and Carlo Reed had been good friends since boyhood. Each had done the other more than one good turn in recent years, and each had trusted the other implicitly. Consequently, when Daniel Scott had grounds to believe that his friend had stooped to crime and had even done him an injury, he was very bitter in his opinion of him.

About a month previous to the interview in which occurred the conversation between Daniel Scott and Harry Reed, which is previously recorded, Carlo Reed had disappeared very suddenly. Nobody knew where he had gone, and since he was a skilful physician with a lucrative practice, his strange disappearance caused many comments.

The most serious thing in connection with Doctor Reed's mysterious disappearance was not known to the public; it was not known to Harry Reed, until Daniel Scott told it to him when the former asked the latter for the hand of his daughter. A check for $1,000 had been presented to Mr. Scott's bankers by Doctor Reed; just after receiving the money on the check, the latter had boarded a west-bound train and nothing had been heard from him since. And the serious thing about the matter was that the check was a forgery. It was made payable to the order of Doctor Reed and was indorsed by him. Mr. Scott's name had been forged, and who but the man who had profited by the forgery was the guilty party? Common sense taught that Doctor Reed was a forger. If there had been reasonable grounds upon which to excuse his friend, Mr. Scott might have done so; but as it was he could not do otherwise than condemn him.

With the exception of his son Harry, Doctor Reed had not a near relative living in the neighborhood. At the time of his father's disappearance from the nieghborhood, Harry had beem absent.

Although Mr. Scott's anger seemed to subside in a measure at sight of his daughter, he turned upon her and demanded:

"Ethel, did you know that this man meant to ask my permission to marry you?"

"Yes, father," was the shy , but firm reply.

"You can never marry him, he is the son of a criminal, and you would not marry anybody who is in disgrace. I can not suffer you to marry anybody who is under the shadow of dishonor."

"Harry is guilty of no wrong, father; please do not blame him for what anybody else may have——"

"Ethel, go to your room at once."

The young woman turned a tender glance upon Harry, and without a word glided from the room.

"Compose yourself, sir, and listen to reason," said Harry. "Will you not consent to my marriage with your daughter, if my father's innocence is established?"

"It is useless to try to prove him innocent, I tell you," Daniel Scott thundered, "you have heard what I have to say, and don't mention my daughter to me again! You will confer a favor by taking your disagreeable presence out of the house!"

The young man listened to this outburst of passion with folded arms. His handsome face was pale and his eyes flashed, but he made no retort. He left Daniel Scott struggling with his ire and with quiet dignity left the house.

As previously stated, until a few moments before Harry had known nothing of the crime of which Daniel Scott believed his father guilty. Could it be possible that his father, whom he had always regarded as the very soul of honor, was guilty of forgery? He would not admit the possibility of such a thing. But where had his father gone? and why had he remained away so long? Of whose villainy had his father been the victim? Surely some cunning enemy of his father had managed in some way which was yet a mystery, to deceive him and bring about the dark state of affairs which now existed.

Harry stopped puzzling himself about the matter; it was too deep for him.

He thought of Mr. Scott's emphatic refusal to consent to his marriage with Ethel, and, despite his manly courage, he who had been hopeful and light of heart an hour before was troubled and sad.

CHAPTER II.

Harry had gone a short distance along the orchard path which led to the highway and was walking with slow step and bowed head, when he heard his name pronounced by a low voice which was sweeter than music to his ears.

Ethel Scott was a vision of loveliness as she stood in the shade of an apple tree with a troubled look in her innocent, blue eyes and uttered her lover's name.

When the maiden had left her father's presence, instead of going to her room as he had bidden her, she had gone into the orchard.

Until now, Ethel Scott had been wont to obey her father's every wish; but he had always been kind to her. Now she was no longer a child, and she felt that it was her duty to decide for herself in so important a matter as was her love for Harry Reed.

When the lovers met in the orchard it was yet early in a bright day of spring. The sky was serenely blue, save for a few tiny clouds which floated slowly across the broad expanse like fairy barks on a gentle sea. The air of the orchard was laden with the fragrant smell of apple blossoms. There was the constant hum of insects and the joyful songs of mating birds. To the southward lay broad meadows delicately shaded with green, while to the northward and westward lay broad areas of tender, growing wheat and large tracts recently plowed for corn.

In all the great central valley of the United States there was not a more beautiful place than Daniel Scott's country home and its surroundings. But the troubled lovers who met in the orchard paid little attention to the beauties around them. They seemed to have eyes only for each other for a time.

"Ethel, will not your father be angry if he learns that you are meeting me here, after what has just transpired?" Harry asked.

"He is already angry, Harry," was the reply.

"He is angry with me, but not with you, perhaps. Dearly as I like to see you, I would not cause you trouble at any cost."

"Father thinks I am in my room, no doubt; but it matters little when his auger has had time to subside he will be himself again."

"But I doubt whether he will consent to our union."

"He is very obstinate when he makes up his mind about anything."

"If he will not consent to our marriage, are you willing to elope with me?"

"Yes; if we find positively that we can not be married here, I will go with you. But we must make sure, father may relent."

"He forbade me to metion you to him again."

"Father accuses Doctor Reed of some crime, I believe."

"Yes; he accuses him of forgery; but I can not believe my father guilty of such a crime."

"Even to admit that your father is guilty, father is wrong to blame you for it."

"He has such decided opinions of honor; I feel so humiliated on account of what he said to me that I do not like to approach him again in regard to our marriage."

"If he changes his mind, he may take the pains to tell you so."

"I can not bear to lose you, Ethel, merely on account of your father's objection. But I know you will be true to me."

"Yes, Harry: I will be true to you so long as life lasts."

"Then nothing but death shall come between us for long."

In the sunshine of Ethel's love, Harry almost forgot the gloom into which he had been plunged. The sweet refrain of a feathered songster came from the top of an apple tree; it seemed to be echoed from far across the green, waveless reaches of wheat. The world seemed to throb with new life and love.

In the arbor where the lovers stood, they were concealed from any prying eye, and Harry took Ethel in his embrace and tenderly kissed her. The fair being gently returned the caress.

"God bless and keep you, my darling!" Harry murmured, as he released her and turned away, "I hope to see you again, soon."

As the young man went his way and the maiden stole quietly to her room, each felt secure in the other's love. Neither dreamed of the cruel tangle in which fate was soon to ensnare them.

Ethel did not remain long in her room. She sought her mother in the garden, but Mrs. Scott had returned to the house from the garden where Ethel had seen her a few moments before. Ethel returned to the house to seek her mother. In the hallway she met a young man who paused at sight of her. He was immaculately dressed; in fact, he seemed to be fully conscious of the fact that he was a dandy. To the casual observer he appeared to be quite boyish and even effeminate but; to a skilled physiognomist much more was apparent. His thin-lipped mouth indicated weakness and cruelty; his nose bore some resemblance to a beak; his eyes, despite his greatest effort to look pleasant, had the half-hidden glare of a basilisk; and his oily hair lay close upon a receding brow. At sight of Ethel, what was intended for a pleasant smile passed over his thin face.

The young man was Dick Willoughby, Mr. Scott's confidential clerk, who had worked in his store for nearly three years. Willoughby had performed his duty faithfully, so far as Mr. Scott knew, and the latter trusted him implicitly. Willoughby occupied a room in Mr. Scott's house and lived almost as a member of his family.

Ethel was not inclined to like the man; to her his blandness seemed to be superficial. Willoughby, however, made no secret of his admiration of his employer's beautiful daughter. Mr. Scott favored him as a suitor for Ethel's hand. Ethel had not discouraged his attentions, despite her dislike for him, until a more favored rival had appeared in the person of handsome Harry Reed.

"It's a beautiful day, Miss Scott," Willoughby remarked, suavely.

"Yes, a very beautiful day," was the gracious reply.

"There were no customers at the store, so I have locked up until after noon. Will you take a little walk in the orchard with me?"

Ethel was about to offer an excuse, but a thought occurred to her and she complied with the request. Doubtless Willoughby knew all about the forgery of which her father accused Doctor Reed, and she reasoned that he would impart to her what he knew. She was curious to know more than Harry had told her about the matter.

When they had been in the orchard a few moments she asked:

"What do you know about the forgery of which father accuses Doctor Reed?"

Willoughby started slightly, but composed himself and replied:

"I know all that your father knows, I suppose."

Then he related what the reader already knows about the forged check and Doctor Reed's disappearance and apparent guilt. In conclusion he said:

"I do not like to believe that a man who has been so widely esteemed as Doctor Reed has been would stoop to crime."

Despite her wonted distrust of the fellow, Ethel could not do otherwise than admire this generous expression from him.

Willoughby prided himself upon his diplomacy, and he was determined it should serve him well, now.

"It will be a serious blow to Harry Reed to learn that his father is accused of forgery," he said. "Harry seems to be such a noble, gentlemanly fellow."

"He is a gentleman," Ethel declared.

"I believe it," said Willoughby, "but I hope you will not give him so large a place in your affections as to leave me out entirely. Of course, I will compare but poorly with Harry, he is such an exceptionally fine fellow, but nobody can be more deeply subjected to your charms than I am."

The maiden thought at first that her companion's praises of Harry Reed was ironical, but the seriousness with which he spoke caused her to dismiss the idea. Perhaps, after all, she had judged Willoughby too harshly; her father trusted him, why should not she? The sly rascal had succeeded in deceiving her. She could not help but like him for his opinion of Harry; for she did not guess that his words had been meant merely for effect.

"May I not have at least a small place in your affections?" he pleaded, taking one of her hands in his own.

"Perhaps, so," answered the maiden, scarcely knowing what else to say, and allowing him to hold her hand for an instant. But at the touch of the man's hand she could scarcely repress a shudder; it was so clammy and cold.

In a short time they returned to the house.

At dinner, nothing in the appearance of Daniel Scott, save perhaps, a slight lowering of the brows, told of his stormy interview with Harry Reed.

A fortnight went by, during which, Ethel met Harry two or three times and Dick Willoughby did his utmost to ingratiate himself with her.

One day Mr. Scott called Ethel into the library and said:

"It is out of the question for you to think of marrying Harry Reed, and you must stop seeing him; I think you are too sensible to disobey me in this, and I command you to hold no further communication with the fellow. If he continues to venture on these premises against my will, I will not answer for his safety."

That very day Mr. Scott and Harry exchanged some hot words. Mr. Scott's anger got the better of him and he said:

"I warn you, you scheming villain, the worthy son of your base father, to keep off my premises; don't drive me to desperate measures."

"You will regret your treatment to me, sir," Harry answered. "I am as much of a gentleman as you are; but if it comes to desperate measures, I think I am as good at that game as you are, too."

CHAPTER III.

Three days went by after the quarrel between Harry and Mr. Scott. Nothing had been learned yet to throw any further light upon Doctor Reed's disappearance. Mr. Scott no longer tried to keep the matter of the forged check a secret, and for a few days little else was discussed in the neighborhood. Many who had professed to be the absent doctor's best friends were foremost in denouncing him as a villain.

More than an hour after darkness had set in, on the third night after Mr. Scott forbade Ethel to communicate with Harry, something very startling happened. As Mr. Scott glanced out of the sitting-room window, he discovered that the landscape was bathed in a glow which could not be the light of the moon. The light increased rapidly, and Dick Willoughby came rushing into his employer's presence, looking wild and excited.

"Fire! Fire!" he cried hoarsely, "the store is on fire."

The large mercantile establishment, in which a post office was also kept, stood a considerable distance from Mr. Scott's residence. It was a frame building and had been built several years before. It was the largest store in the neighboring region, outside of the nearest city, which was six miles away.

Mr. Scott saw at once that the flames had gained such headway that it would be useless to make any attempt to save the building. Mr. Scott, Willoughby, and a hired man were all the persons belonging on the place who were capable of attempting to fight the fire, and even if help could have been obtained at once it would not have availed anything. Mrs. Scott and two or three female servants joined the three men, a short distance away, to watch the exciting spectacle. The flames spread with wonderful rapidity; a lurid glare spread over the landscape; the ravenous flames leaped to an enormous height; the heat was intense. Already the flames had broken through the roof and the entire interior of the structure was in flames. Soon the flames crept out through the windows, and what had been an imposing storehouse was a glowing, crumbling mass. As the timbers of the building fell, myriad sparks ascended, and to the watchers nearby, what had been a bright, starry sky an hour before, now appeared, in contrast with the fire, to be nothing more than an inky void.

Some of the neighbors, attracted by the light of the conflagration, soon arrived upon the scene.

Mr. Scott, whose faculties seemed to have been benumbed by surprise and awe, now aroused himself from the almost lethargic state in which he had watched the destruction of his property.

"Don't go near the fire," he said to the others who stood around him, "and don't allow anybody to go about the place; there's foul play in this. I mean to catch the scoundrel who set fire to my store and see that he is punished."

He entered the dwelling and was soon at his telephone.

"Hello, central; give me Mulligan? This is Daniel Scott. My store has just been burned and I suspect foul play. Can you bring bloodhounds and come to my place at once? Come yourself if possible."

"I'll come myself," came the reply, "you may expect me early in the morning."

CHAPTER IV.

The sunlight had been falling for a short time upon the blackened foundation of the storehouse, when a buggy rolled swiftly up to the stile in front of Mr. Scott's residence, and John Mulligan, the detective, alighted, holding two bloodhounds in leash.

Daniel Scott met the detective at the stile.

"You're very prompt, Mr. Mulligan," he said.

"I happened not to have anything urgent to do in the city this morning, and I came at once in response to your message."

"I am very glad you are here."

"I was sorry to hear of your loss; did you have any insurance on the house and the goods?"

"All was insured for over four-fifths its value."

"Then your loss will be comparatively small after all. Do you suspect anybody in particular of setting fire to the store?"

"No. I have no idea who did it."

"Well, I think we shall soon be able to strike a trail."

"I hope so; nobody has been very near the spot where the store stood since the fire."

"Then we can trail the culprit with ease."

The detective was soon at the ruin which the fire had wrought. The trained bloodhounds sniffed the ground eagerly. Soon one of them struck a trail which ran directly to the dwelling of Mr. Scott.

"That must be a trail left by some of your own family," said the detective to Mr. Scott.

"It may have been made by my clerk when he left the store yesterday evening," explained Mr. Scott.

Dick Willoughby came out of the house and joined the others upon the lawn. He looked at the dogs with what was meant to be a show of interest; but Ethel, who stood near, saw what seemed to her to be a look of uneasiness and even of fear, in the man's eyes.

John Mulligan was not yet discouraged in the least. He returned to the blackened foundation of the store and passed slowly around it, holding the sleuthhounds in leash and allowing them to sniff the ground. The spot was circled twice in this manner without result. A third time the bloodhounds were guided in a larger circle than before. They sniffed the ground for a few moments; then one of them gave an eager yelp and Mulligan released him. The animal darted away again in the direction of Mr. Scott's dwelling; but this time the trail did not lead directly to the building. It ran through the orchard and near the house, but when the hound was a few paces from the house he stopped as if baffled. The othed hound was released and the two were off again in a moment, returning, by a course which ran near which had just been followed, almost back to the point where the scent had been struck. Then they darted away towards the highway. John Mulligan followed the hounds with cool professional eageeness, Daniel Scott followed excitedly, and Dick Willoughby followed with seeming friendly interest and curiosity.

The bloodhounds soon reached the highway, along which they followed the trail with ease.

"Do you think we are on the trail of the real culprit?" Mr. Scott inquired of the detective.

"I don't see any reason to doubt it," Mulligan answered, "the trail is a fresh one, and what business could the man have had around your store, if he is not the one who set fire to it?"

"We must be on the right trail," Willoughby ventured to remark. There was no evidence of fear about him now; perhaps there was a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

For most of a mile the three men followed the dogs along the public road. The farther the trail was followed, the more excited Mr. Scott became. Who were they trailing? If they were indeed, after the right man, what a wretched scoundrel he must be. Mr. Scott was resolved that the man to whom the cowardly deed should be brought home, should suffer just punishment. But to whose door would the unerring bloodhounds lead them? He asked himself the question again and again.

They drew near the home of Doctor Reed. A suspicion flashed arcoss Mr. Scott's mind. But surely it was groundless; he would not believe that there was any foundation for such a suspicion.

But soon the dogs turned into the lane and in a few moments they stood whining at the front door of Doctor Reed's home. John Mulligan rang the doorbell, and a servant came to the door. At sight of the bloodhounds the servant would have closed the door, but one of the agile animals darted inside before she could do so.

"Don't be alarmed," said the detective, reassuringly, "the dogs will not harm you."

Once inside the house, the bloodhound was soon at the door of Harry Reed's room. John Mulligan followed the dog and knockeed at Harry's door. The young man opened the door, looking pale, but self-possessed.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" he demanded, eyeing the dog which Mulligan held by the collar.

"It means that you are suspected of having set fire to Mr. Scott's store. If you are innocent, you can prove it, no doubt."

"Why am I suspected?"

"We have just followed your trail to your very door from the immediate vicinity of the site of the building which was burned."

"I understand," was Harry's quiet, but scornful rejoinder.

CHAPTER V.

Harry Reed was arrested and placed in prison to await his trial on a charge of arson. Although he was outwardly calm, he was greatly troubled, not only because of the accusation which hung over him like a dark cloud, but also for other things as well. He was forced to admit that circumstances were utterly against him; he had no reason to believe that he could prove anything to establish his innocence of the crime of which he was accused. In the cruel tangle which fate had woven about him he was as utterly helpless as a fly in the web of a spider.

The general belief among the people was that Harry was guilty. The burning of the store and Harry's arrest came as a startling climax to Doctor Reed's mysterious disappearance and his alleged crime.

Harry was greatly troubled on account of his father's continued absence. Of course, he did not admit the possibility of his father being guilty of forgery; surely there had been some misunderstanding or some underhand villainy, most probably the latter. But who could be the villain who had made his hand felt and at the same time had left no clew to his identity? How had the sly work been accomplished? And why was his father still absent?

Just when Harry wished most to be free to do his utmost to probe this mystery, which had first brought the dark shadow of disgrace upon him, he was confined behind prison bars, confronted with a grave charge. Had fate thrown him into the power of an unknown enemy? Or had a subtle foe shrewdly taken advantage of the tangle in which fate had placed him to strike him a deadly blow, as from the dark? Who was this wily foe? He knew of nobody who had just cause for enmity against him or his father. The more he speculated upon the matter and the harder he tried to solve the mystery, the more sorely perplexed he became.

Harry had remained in prison almost a fortnight, but yet he had learned nothing to give him courage. One day, however, he received a little note from Ethel. It ran in part as follows:

"Try to be brave and everything may turn out right, yet. I have learned something, but I must not put it on paper. I can't understand how father can believe you guilty; but he is sincere in thinking so, I believe. For my part, I shall never lose faith in you."

Here was one ray of light to pierce the deep gloom which hung about him, the light of a woman's love. But what had Ethel discovered? He knew it would be useless to try to guess what it was.

Harry could do nothing but wait and pray. Surely right would at last prevail; or, if right should fail, justice surely would one day triumph. As the time for his trial drew near, the accused young man managed to communicate with a brilliant, young lawyer, Hugh Barton, by name, a former schoolmate of his, and Barton's services were secured as counsel in the coming trial. Harry's friend, the lawyer, visited him to talk over the case with him.

"Now, Harry," said Barton, "in the beginning, I would like to know pretty well what proof there is against you."

"There is very strong circumstantial evidence against me," replied the prisoner, "I was trailed by bloodhounds from the scene of the fire to my own room; I have been told that somebody about Mr. Scott's place saw me near the store a short time before the fire was discovered. And to make it look more reasonable that I am guilty, it is publicly known that Mr. Scott and I are not on the very best of terms."

"And were you really near the store just before the fire?"

"I can not deny it."

"Will you tell me what was your business there at that hour?"

"I can not tell you."

"It would be the best thing you could do to make a clean breast of the whole thing to me. Why were you there?"

"I can't tell even you; I have no choice."

"Well, tell me about your misunderstanding with Mr. Scott."

Harry related what the reader knows already about the check which his father was alleged to have forged, and about Mr. Scott's consequent objection to his marriage with Ethel and the quarrel which had ensued between Mr. Scott and himself.

Hugh Barton did not press his friend and client further to tell why he had been in the vicinity of Mr. Scott's store on the fatal night of the fire. The young barrister was very shrewd, and he believed that he could supply by logical deduction what was lacking in detail and motive in Harry's story.

Time went by, and to add to Harry's burden it was told to him that Ethel was seen very often in company with Dick Willoughby and that it was reported that Ethel was to marry Willoughby, soon. It was stated that the report had not been denied either by Ethel or her father. Harry wondered if Ethel's note to him had merely been a blind and if she were really false to him. He would not believe it, and yet he was troubled.

CHAPTER VI.

Daniel Scott had built up a very profitable trade, and within a short time after the burning of his store a larger and more modern structure was being erected on the same site.

Dick Willoughby was out of employment while work of building the new store went on, and he spent his time chiefly at Mr Scott's place. He was frequently with

Ethel when the young lady did not avoid him.

It was widely gossiped that Willoughby would soon be Mr. Scott's son-in-law, now that Harry Reed was practically out of the field, and doubtless Willoughby hoped so.

One day Willoughby came upon Ethel in the orchard. She was sitting upon a rustic seat which was a favorite resort of hers. Willoughby sat down upon the end of the seat and talked to her. In fact, the man's foppish air and oily manner were disgusting to Ethel, but she tried not to judge him too harshly.

After a few remarks about trifling things the man said:

"It will not be long until young Mr. Reed's trial. I can hardly believe that he is guilty; really, he always seemed to me to be a very gentlemanly fellow. I wouldn't suppose he could do a thing so mean."

"He is as innocent of the deed of which he is accused as you or I," the maiden replied.

"He isn't at all likely to be convicted," said Willoughby, with a clever pretense of sincerity.

Ethel admired the apparent good will and generous opinion of this man for her lover. Indeed, she was almost convinced that Willoughby was a fine fellow. From her innocent point of view she could not see that the wily cove was playing a false role in order to accomplish his own selfish ends.

Daniel Scott was very wealthy and his confidential clerk knew it. To wed Ethel, whose heritage of the world's goods could be no richer than her endowment of personal charms, had long been Willoughby's most ardent desire.

Willoughby tried very slyly to make love to his fair companion, and she was so kind and gracious that he began to believe that she favored his advances. But when the man's cold, flabby hand touched her own, Ethel felt a thrill of repulsion creep over her. She soon excused herself from the presence of the dandy, and he strolled off to watch the men at work on the new store.

Ethel soon returned to her favorite arbor with a book. She was about to drop into the rustic seat, when she caught sight of a notebook which, evidently Willoughby had dropped. She picked up the notebook and as she did so, an envelope dropped out of it.

Ethel saw that the envelope was addressed to her father, and she saw that it was marked "personal" and "inhaste" in the lower left-hand corner. The envelope was soiled and worn and it contained a letter. What use could Willoughby have for it? She glanced over the contents of the missive, and as she did so she drew a quick breath of surprise. Then she replaced the notebook where she had found it, placed the letter between the leaves of the book which she had intended to read, and went at once to her room. There she pondered over the contents of the telltale epistle which she had gained possession of by chance—or was it the work of Providence?

A little later the resourceful young woman saw Willoughby return to the rustic seat and get his notebook. She saw that he still seemed to be searching for something. She slipped behind the cover of a thick clump of budding roses. Perhaps the man would not come where he could see her. If he should she could pretend not to be paying the least attention to him. He soon come near her; he was walking slowly with his eyes fixed searchingly upon the ground, and he was muttering to himself. He did not glance once in Ethel's direction.

"Curse the luck!" she heard him exclaim, in a voice which seemed woefully harsh for one usually so bland. "Why didn't I destroy it? What in the —— has become of it? If Scott gets it in his hands, the devil will be to pay."

Ethel did not doubt that he referred to the letter which she had hidden safely in her room.

"I wish I had thrown the letter in the store and let it burn up with it. But nobody suspects me; I've got the advantage. Still I'd feel easier if I had that letter."

Willoughby gave up his hopeless quest and Ethel stole back to the house unobserved.

"I wonder what the man meant by his strange words," she mused. "I believe he is a guilty wretch. I'll keep secret what I have learned and watch."

Time passed and the day for Harry Reed's trial arrived. Early in the morning, John Mulligan, the detective, who was in the county town to give his testimony in Harry's case, was shot at while taking a little stroll in the outskirts of the town. The dauntless detective was soon at the courthouse trembling with excitement (?) stating that a dastardly attempt had been made to take his life.

Several men accompanied Mulligan to the spot whence the shot had been fired, but no clew to the idently of the man who fired the shot could be found.

The news of the incident spread like wild fire through the town. Who had attempted to take the detective's life? Who, but some friend of Harry Reed? Why had the deed been attempted? Why indeed, if not to prevent the detective from giving his damaging testimony against the accused by silencing him forever? Various were the questions asked and the opinions expressed in regard to the matter. And the only effect which the occurrence had was to strengthen the general belief that Harry was guilty and to prevent any display of public sentiment in his favor.

The closing chapters of this story, explaining the mystery of Harry Reed's crime, will be printed in the Ledger of next week. Take the Ledger regularly, you will find it invaluable in the family. Our King Cameras for boys and girls and our patterns for ladies are given free. Note the announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Had No Kick Coming.

"What," asked the sweet girl graduate, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back the engagement ring and gave me collar buttons in exchange."

A REMARKABLE WAR.

Have you heard of the wonderful war they fought—
The kingdoms of This and That?
The cabinets quarreled; it seems they thought
The world would admire their spat.
They vowed: "We will instantly go to war!"
The people inquired what the fight was for
And questioned each diplomat.

Then the people declared that the war should come
And settle each point in doubt—
They blew on the fife and they rolled the drum
And said in a lusty shout:
"If war it must be, it is only fit
That you fellows fight who have started it
And know what it's all about."

The cabinets hummed and the cabinets hawed;
The people stood stanch and firm;
The diplomats "Pished!" and the diplomats "Pshawed!"
Beginning to twist and squirm.
The people, however, said: "Get your guns
And get into action. The 'nation's sons'
Should show they deserve that term."

Each statesman was stopped in the midst of his speech
And given his uniform—
A fifty pound shell with a terrible screech
Gave word of the coming storm;
A volley of shrapnel narrowly missed
A noted tactician and strategist,
Who shivered—although 'twas warm.

The kings of the kingdoms of This and That
Each marched at his army's head;
Behind them came statesman and diplomat
And strange were the words they said.
Instead of asserting that they should fight,
They claimed that to battle was far from right—
That peace was the thing, instead.

This wonderful war of the Thises and Thats
In half of an hour was done;
The losses were sabers and plumes and hats
And breath from a lengthy run.
And now when there comes a dispute of state
The diplomats cry: "We will arbitrate!"
Ere quarreling has begun.

BALLADE OF THE JACK OF ALL TRADES.

Is there a window needs a pane?
A board that's shaky for a nail?
A shelf to fix? A chair to cane?
Just call me; I'll never fail.
Some little work it may entail,
But I am sure you never found
A man less apt at work to wail.
I dearly love to tinker round.

I'll mend with wire a broken chain,
Put in a fence, a slat or rail.
For cunning work of hand or brain
Just call on me; I'll never fail.
I'll solder up a leaky pail
And make it right and tight and sound.
'Most any task with joy I hail.
I dearly love to tinker round.

I like to mow a swath of grain,
If straw's to truss or hay's to bale,
Or cream to churn, or milk to strain,
Just call on me; I'll never fail.
I'm willing fish to clean and scale,
My handiness will quite astound.
I'm not particular, or frail,
I dearly love to tinker round.

L'ENVOI.

A man am I of much avail,
Just call on me! I'll never fail.
I have no proper sphere or bound—
I dearly love to tinker round.

THE UNKIND CUT.

BY CHARLES DALY DOUGLAS.

"Please, sir, may I ride?"

The question was asked by a lad of about twelve years of age, who, with his books under his arm, was on the way home from school. It was a keen, bright afternoon in January; the snow crackled under foot and sparkled in the sun, and the sleighing was excellent. The boy had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile on his way, and had something more than a mile yet to walk. He was a farmer's boy, with many chores to do, and he knew there would be little daylight left after he had arrived home. I say home. It was the place where he boarded while he was attending school that winter, and he was trying hard to do work enough to pay for his board. It was a matter of some consequence to this lad whether he could save an hour for study in the evening; and every moment saved on his way home from school was something toward it.

Solomon Purnell, a rich farmer of the neighborhood was just passing in a large box-sleigh, alone, drawn by two stout horses; and, knowing that Mr. Purnell went past his boarding-place, he had no hesitation in appealing to him for a ride. He did more—he assumed that the farmer would cheerfully grant his request; and, so thinking, he ran swiftly to the passing sleigh with his books under his arm, and laid his hands on the tailboard, preparatory to jumping in.

The farmer instantly laid the lash on the horses, and the spirited animals bounded away at a fast gallop. Their speed was so much increased that the boy was unable to jump into the sleigh, but had to run with it, with his hands on the tailboard. The farmer then turned round in his seat, and exhibited his face—the face of a young man, too, not more than thirty years of age—glowing with vengeful wickedness.

"I'll teach ye, ye young heathen, to steal rides with me!" he exclaimed; and his "blacksnake" whip whistled through the air and descended in a cruel cut across the boy's cheek and neck.

Astonished, frightened, and humiliated, the lad would have let go at once; but he saw that the speed of the sleigh was now so great that he could not do so without falling. Again the lash descended, this time over his shoulders. He relinquished his hold, and was whirled into a snow bank at the side of the road, while his cherished school books spun into the snow in the opposite direction. A loud, cruel laugh from Mr. Purnell greeted his mishap, and the sleigh disappeared over a hill.

The boy arose, grieved, shocked in body and angered. He was a studious, retiring lad, sensitive to ill treatment, and scrupulously careful himself in his treatment of others. He picked up his cap and books, brushed the snow from his clothes, and dashed a tear of mortification from his cheek.

"I only hope, Sol Purnell," he said to himself, "that I shall live long enough, and have a good chance to resent that meanness as I ought to."

Then he quietly plodded on home, and was occupied till eight o'clock milking the cows, while Mr. Purnell sat in his armchair before his own fireplace and smoked his pipe, forgetting already the thorn that he had planted that afternoon.

Thirty years passed. Solomon Purnell was sixty years old, a wealthy landowner and cultivator, and one of the most substantial men of the county. The office of superintendent of the poor was vacant, and an appointment to fill the vacancy was to be made by the governor. It was an office of much importance in the county, and considerable profit. This appointment was invested with unusual importance, as it was conceded that the appointee would be the candidate of the dominant party at the next election for the full term of six years, and would unquestionably be elected. There were two candidates for the place, and Solomon Purnell was one of them. It was generally conceded that he would be appointed. He was an excellent party man; he had contributed largely in times past to the success of his party, by his labor and influence, and he had the names of the greater part of the influential men of the party on his petition. He was well qualified by education and experience for the place; and it was well understood that he was quite anxious for it. He had never before asked anything of his party; but this place was such a one as he should like to fill, and it seemed to be the voice of the party that he ought to fill it. His opponent was a clever, competent man, but possessed of hardly a tithe of the influence of Mr. Purnell.

At the proper time delegations of the friends of each candidate appeared before the governor and urged the claims of their respective candidates. For Mr. Purnell, judges, legislators, and men of large property and position spoke, urging his appointment; for his opponent, Mr. Sands, only a few political and personal friends. The governor, a middle-aged man, with an earnest, firm-featured face, heard all that was said, and then spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have heard your arguments, and have considered them as you made them. There were some others that might have been mentioned, but I will not refer to them. It is conceded here that either of the gentlemen named would creditably and competently fill this office. Such being the case, for reasons that are entirely satisfactory to myself, I shall appoint Mr. Sands. His letter of appointment will be forwarded tomorrow."

The friends of the successful candidate retired, delighted and surprised at their good fortune; those of Mr. Purnell went away, astonished and chagrined beyond measure. One of the latter, a personal friend of the governor, remained after all the rest had gone, and, taking advantage of his intimacy, began to remonstrate against what he termed the injudicious action of the chief magistrate of the state. The governor stopped him at once.

"I know Solomon Purnell a great deal better than you do," he said. "Let me tell you a little story." He then went on to relate the incident noted above. "Well, sir, I was that boy. I presume I was somewhat in the wrong on that occasion, but that was no excuse for the exhibition of such a hateful, unchristian spirit as Mr. Purnell showed toward a poor schoolboy. I don't know what kind of man he is now; I hope he has changed; but I certainly cannot commit the interests of the unfortunate poor of that county into such hands. I refuse him this appointment, not in retaliation, but as a duty to the public; I dare not trust the interests of any class of the people in his keeping. You are at liberty to tell him all I have said; indeed, I request that you will—for I think that what I have said is a full justification for refusing him the appointment."

It was a hard blow to the ambitious old farmer—a much harder one than the one he had dealt upon the poor schoolboy thirty years before—but it taught him a much-needed lesson, which he never forgot during the rest of his life—a lesson which it is desirable that all the cruel, selfish Solomon Purnells of this world might receive for themselves.

Odd Origins of Words.

Contrary to the legend, Dr. Guillotin did not invent the guillotine, and it was only by chance that the contrivance took his name. What he did was to make in the French constituent assembly of 1789 a proposal that decapitation should be the form of capital punishment for all classes and no longer the privilege of the aristocracy, and to propose, on the ground of humanity, that a machine should be substituted for the ax or sword. But his remark, "With my machine I have your head off in the twinkling of an eye, and without your feeling the least pain," extinguished his motion in laughter. Afterward Dr. Louis, secretary of the Academy of Surgeons, to whom the question was referred, recommended such a machine, rough forms of which had been used in Scotland, England and other countries. So at first the "national razor" was called a "louisette." But Guillotin's remark was remembered, and "guillotine" was the result—to his deep horror and disgust.

New York's recent roof garden murder gave prominence to the term "dope fiend." What is the origin of "dope"? "Dope" is an English dialect word for simpleton, but probably the "dope" in this case is another one altogether, derived from the "doping" of horses, and implying that a man was the victim of a drug habit. In this country "dope" has long signified any thick liquid or semiliquid, used as food or as a lubricant. The Scientific American says that it once meant "a preparation of pitch, tallow and other ingredients, which, being applied to the bottom of the shoes, enables the wearer to glide lightly over the snow softened by the rays of the sun." It is believed to come from the Dutch "doop," dripping, or paste, which is from the verb meaning to dip.

"Ragamuffin" is a word that has puzzled many people. "Ragamuffin," said Dr. Johnson, "is from 'rag' and I know not what else." According to Dr. Brewer, the word means a ragged "muff" or "muffin," a spiritless fellow. But the original "ragamoffyn" is believed to have been a demon in certain old mystery plays, whose name was probably just highsounding nonsense. It is curious, however, that "the ragman" is an old name for the devil.

A True Fisherman.

A friend of ex-President Cleveland's was once traveling on foot through a section of West Virginia, well known for its excellent fishing grounds, when he chanced upon an angler of the old school—a venerable old countryman who, as he sat on the bank, looked as if time and the world might pass away without disturbing his content.

"Have you fished long in this stream?" he pleasantly asked.

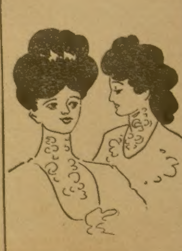
"Twenty-three years," was the laconic response of the fisherman, who scarcely looked up.

"Get many bites?" was the next question.

Still gazing intently along the rod he held, the old angler replied:

"Two years ago, in this very spot, I had a fine bite."

At 20 a woman is willing to marry a man old enough to be her father, and at 50 she is just as willing to marry one young enough to be her son.



Erma—Why in the world did Katharine give up Jack for Tom? Surely, Jack was always pressing the question?

Ida—Yes, but Tom was always pressing Katharine.

THE WHITE PRINCESS;

Or, THE LURE OF THE NORTH.

By WILLIAM PERRY BROWN, author of "The Mislaid Man," "Marriage by Proxy," "A Chattanooga Girl," etc.

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CHAPTER V.

"I SHALL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN."

But only Miss Walwarth appeared, with a kindly summons to both, to a late breakfast with her.

"You have had coffee, I know, Lieutenant, but you will at least sit with us, until you have to go." And she led the way.

Sylvia, having with effort recovered her composure, still clung to Stanton's arm, smiling upward in his face.

Such a wan, heart-breaking smile it was, he could have wept almost at sight of the brave repressions it meant for his sake.

"Is there no honorable way for you to withdraw—yet?" she whispered on the way to the breakfast room. He shook his head.

"The very ship's boys would laugh at me, though they may, probably, be left at Sitka, or some where this side of Bering Strait."

"Then I shall never see you again."

This she said quietly, yet with an accent of such complete despair, his susceptible heart was wrung anew.

"What can we do for this poor child?" he plaintively asked of Miss Sophia, when they were seated around a breakfast table for which little appetite was felt by the two younger ones. "I feel sure these fancies—visions, will injure only Sylvia, herself. Poor Cleeve has troubles of his own, and is incapable of a dishonerable act, though at times he does croak somewhat, like a disconsolate old raven. I am as safe under him as any one can well be on a voyage where the natural dangers are so obvious. Yet she so takes my going to heart, that if I had a ghost of an excuse to resign—a real excuse, for cause, I mean—I would throw it up."

Sylvia wrung her hands helplessly. "How can I make it more plain to you?" she said "You will not be warned——"

Miss Walwarth was sympathetic, but she felt the case had passed beyond her control. Stanton resumed his explanations.

"A fellow has to look out for other people's opinions, especially in such service as this. I simply dare not throw it up, just on the eve of starting. And, though a search for Andree and the pole, may have certain possible dangers, it also has honors, and promotion, if we come back, even partially successful. What happiness to present myself before your niece and say all that I have won is yours. You are my inspiration."

The girl looked her love; but it seemed still to say, "what is anything worth to me without you—remain; because, in that, my happiness lies."

And now the aunt, in her plain, practical way, added her reasurances to the Lieutenant's, but while the niece listened meekly enough, she still held to her morbid forebodings.

"Sylvia has promised to marry me," said Stanton, earnestly, "and——"

"Probably a knowledge of that accounts for Captain Cleeve's behavior," Miss Walwarth interrupted. "I hardly approved of her prior engagement to him, yet having promised to be his wife some time, neither of you can be surprised at his anger, on so suddenly knowing that she cares for you. Personally, I prefer Lieutenant Stanton," bowing slightly at him, "yet, have either of you treated Captain Cleeve, fairly?"

"I remember what you told me last night," remarked Stanton, while Miss Baranov looked perplexed, more than astonished.

"You did not really care for him—much, did you?" he asked her.

"Six or eight months ago he extorted a sort of promise from me to marry him, some time, but not under two years. I am an orphan, and without means of my own. Aunt Sophia has always been most kind, but I felt that I ought not to burden her always. I am so useless, and he seemed anxious to make me feel that he wished to give me a right to his care and—love. I did not then know you, George; and had for years so burdened my dear aunty——"

"No burden child—how can you say that, but a comfort to a lonely old woman!" said Miss Walwarth, warmly. "My own greatest trial will be to have to give you up to anybody. I knew, in a general way, that Captain Cleeve was able to care well for you, yet from the first, I feared he would not make you happy. Yet, as your mind seemed then made up, I interposed no objections. Well, he went away, apparently, to arrange for this semi-suicidal voyage. You exchanged letters, and all seemed well for a time.

"Then you met Lieutenant Stanton, he began to come and—shall I say it now?—I was won to his side at once. You see, children, what youth, ingenuousness, and all that, will do with a too susceptible old maid like me."

The young man took her hand, kissing it with a most up-to-date-like show of tender respect. Sylvia's smile at last grew cheerful.

"I had long ago known your parents," continued Miss Walwarth, "and soon suspected how matters were likely to go between you and Sylvia; still, I hardly had supposed either of you would let Captain Cleeve misunderstand——"

"Now, aunt," interposed the girl, "do not unintentionally make us out worse than we are. I meant to write to Captain Cleeve, stating that time and reflection had convinced me that I would never love him as a girl should love the man she was to marry, and ask him to release me from my promise. But the man was so earnest, so imperious, so—so dominating in his requirements, that I hesitated, parlied with him, partly out of pity, partly from fear. Wrong, you will say. But he was so exacting, so entirely self-confident, as if we were already married, and he had a right to monopolize entirely my time and services. This intolerance of all else, repelled me, yet I shrank from telling him the plain truth, because it promised such disagreeable consequences."

"Which have only become intensified by delay, possibly into the conceiving of dangerous suspicions, on his part. He is certainly hard hit."

"I meant no wrong, aunt. He might have been less dictatorial, more patient. I wanted to like him, and tried; then George came along!"

The radiant smile that, at her lover's name, brightened the anxious look now habitual to her face, made Sylvia so entrancingly lovely, that Miss Walwarth nodded approvingly. Cleeve, in all his siege of her youthful affections, had never brought such a look as that from Sylvia's eyes.

"We—we tried not to—to like each other—at first, didn't we George? But we cannot help it now, can we? And we fully intended to ask your consent and blessing, didn't we George?"

Stanton's respective confirmations of these sweet appeals would have satisfied the obdurate Cleeve himself of the hopelessness of his own suit, and strengthened his wish for revenge, supposing Sylvia's imaginings to be true.

"I can never adequately say how I love and honor Sylvia," explained he, "and I told you last night a little of how I felt. I am sure I won't be exacting; will I dear? I am her slave, in all things, but disregard of honor, and giving her up to any one else. Never you fear, ma'am, I will manage poor, old Cleeve, if you, dear Miss Walwarth, will only continue your goodness to Sylvia and myself, by curing her of these strange fancies when I am gone. With me, to know that she is in good cheer, is everything. The so-called lure of the pole; Cleeve's search for that reckless dare-all Herr Andree, are as nothing besides her happiness. As I said, but for honor's sake—now that we are actually starting—I would not, could not go, leaving her thus."

The breakfast being over, they had gone back to the library, when Miss Walwarth held out her hand.

"You must soon go," she said. "I will be considerate and bid you good-by here. You and Sylvia will want to be alone, at the last."

"We who are young are the selfish ones," and Stanton once more deferred to the aunt's old-fashioned breeding by kissing her hand as it warmly clasped his own strong fingers. "Leaving my life and hope with you, I feel real jolly in knowing how trustworthy is the guardianship."

"You say nice things, very nicely, indeed, sir," then the older woman's eyes grew suddenly moist, for the last word was at hand. "Do be careful of your own self, remembering what your safety now means, here. Sylvia's fancies are only fancies, but, having won her love, trifles, where you are concerned, are with her, no longer trifles. Absent, perhaps long unheard from, buried in that horrible white North—remember, you carry not only the love of your friends, with you, but one waiting, trusting, faithful girl's heart. Be true to yourself, to her, and we will yet have a merry wedding at Walwarth House. Good-by."

She was gone, and if she wept a secret tear or two in her own room, no one else was the wiser, and old maid like she, felt the cheerier afterward.

Left alone, the lovers looked at each other, all else forgotten. The tall clock in the library rang ten, then added the half-hour. George pulled himself together with a mighty effort.

"Must you go—now?" gasped the girl, reading his expression.

"Indeed, I must. At eleven I am to be on board. How can I leave you! More cruel am I to myself, than you, dearest——"

"No, or you would hardly go at all—what do I say?—forgive me."

"Dishonor for me, you would yourself disapprove, my darling. I must go, there is no other way. Do not fear for me; I say to you, I would trust Captain Cleeve, in matters of honor and duty, against the world, harsh as he is, or seems to be. Be brave and hopeful, my own chosen one. Be tranquil, and I will be at ease."

"I will try to do and be as you would have me," she faltered. "I will try very, very hard. Yet, promise me to write, to send some word, every possible chance. I can foresee a time, when the arrival of a carrier pigeon, with only your name over the words 'alive, safe,' may mean more to me than much gold, great honor, or the discovery of that horrible old pole, itself—even by you. You might not get back—Andree did not—and I might die, not knowing——" sobs choked the words.

Then they talked and embraced again, then the three-quarters struck, and Stanton forced himself to go at once. Once only did he trust his eyes to look back, when the glimpse of a white handkerchief fluttering from a shuttered casemate, sent a lump to his throat, as he waved back.

An approaching trolley soon whirled him into the heart of the great city. He jumped into a cab and was presently at the wharf, oposite which lay San Francisco's great suburb of Oakland.

The steam cutter "Andree," had already swung out from the pier and lay midstream, with her stern swaying gently to the flood-tide now in full flow up the bay from the Golden Gate.

A trig motor launch, manned by a middy and four rather superfluous sailors, took him quickly along side. Captain Cleeve met him as he mounted the bridge, watch in hand and a cloud on his brow.

"Lieutenant Stanton," said he. "Seven bells were struck, some time back. You are fifteen minutes late.'

CHAPTER VI.

"IS NOT ONE VICTIM ENOUGH?"

His commander's tone was a cold, official one, yet Stanton fancied he could detect a kind of sullen exultation in the older man's eye.

"You will remain on board, sir, until we start," continued Cleeve. "I leave you in charge until my return."

Then the captain descended the ladder at the side, and was taken to the same pier-head whence the lieutenant had departed. There the launch awaited as before, the turn of events, and the captain's orders.

"Old Cleeve does act a little strange," thought George, uneasily. "Yet he means nothing. I wish he would have given me a longer leave; but the man is a natural crank. He eats his very dinner tragically, at times'.'

After Stanton's departure, Sylvia remained almost motionless on one of the broad Mission couches in the library for a long, long time. Her face was the color of white ashes; her lips trembled; yet she had gotten beyond the influence of more tears.

Miss Sophia, passing along the corridor, looked in, but seeing that her niece seemed to be in a deep reverie, she passed on, stepping lightly, deeming that Sylvia were best left to herself, for a time, at least.

But the girl was not in reverie, merely, for her eyes presently began to burn with a strange expectancy. She slowly turned hither, thither, as if seeking something that was at once an object of dread as well as interest. Then she slowly struggled to her feet, clinging to an upholstered arm of the lounge, and peering about, as if she saw clearly only with difficulty.

Then a heavy tread sounded on the stone terrace, without. The door of the broad hall below was open. No bell was rung, but the firm, military click, click, entered, ascended to the reception floor, and halted before a portiere of the library.

An instant of silence, that to the girl, still in a trance-like attitude, listening, looking, seemed long enough, then the curtains were drawn aside.

Sylvia crouched, not unlike some lithe, graceful animal at bay and about to spring. She raised her clenched hands to her head, darted forward a step or two, then paused, shaking in every limb.

"I dare not—I cannot——" she gasped. "Would I could be a man—a man! For a moment I need a man's strength; a man's composure, his power to back resentment with blows. I would——"

She interrupted herself with a shrill cry of alarm, as a tall form weighting the heavy road, advanced.

"Go back!" she exclaimed in sharp, broken tones. "Go back! I never will go with you! Is not one victim enough?"

She reeled, staggering, as if despite her hysteric resolve, she would have fallen. But strong arms caught her, not ungently, though she would not have it so, but struggled as she swayed, with a conclusive energy.

"Let me go!" she cried. "You shall not! It is a devil's touch——"

She was now trust back, rather rudely on the couch, where she lay, half-fainting, refusing longer to look on the bold intruder, who stood, glooming darkly down on this fair, frail, devastator of his hopes. A Hercules, stricken down by a wind-blown straw. The sheer audacity of the parellel inclined him to laugh fiercely; only he, too, was very wretched. When she finally looked at him again, the fact of his real flesh and blood, nature came over her at last.

"Your sudden appearance surprised me, Captain Cleeve," she began. "We had supposed you still on board the Andree. I am sadly shaken——"

"Once you wrote to me and called me Roderick," he interrupted, out of a sudden, irrepressible yearning, that for the instant, emerged through his gloomly sternness. "Now—I am only Captain Cleeve, merely Captain Cleeve. Sylvia! Sylvia!" He pleaded, and the sight and sound was terrible to her, in view of the misery that could so wreck the composure of such a man. "Can you not see how you are killing me? Has all my great love no power to withhold you from this light, new ripple of your fancy for some one else?"

"It is no fancy, Captain Cleeve. I love him; nor can I help telling you so, now. It is best to be plain. If I wronged you, it was in not sooner looking into my own heart. The very imperiousness of your own requirements probably blinded me, you would not listen to any denials or doubts on my part, and—shall I say it now?—perhaps I feared you were more than my gratitude for your many kindnesses, permitted me to show. I dreaded your anger. All this was—is, most reprehensible. I ask your forgiveness, and beg you to show mercy. Spurn and curse me, if you will, but leave him unharmed. In this terrible voyage to that miserable graveyard of so many brave hopes and fears, you and he may be gone months, even years. Do not leave me out of mere revenge for what I could not do for you, with the torture of an endless fear. I have not deserved it, neither has he."

"What will you have?" said he, relapsing into gloomy sternness, through which a cruel smile made itself felt, more than seen, by the woman.

"Promise me!" she grasped his hand; while at her half-conscious touch, his blood pulsed quicker, though his heart remained hopeless. "Promise me that he will continue to be safe, so far as you are concerned. If a victim must be had—and surely one is enough—take me—take me!"

CHAPTER VII.

"CHOOSE!" SAID HE, COLDLY.

Captain Cleeve looked down on the pleading girl at his feet, and belied his own seething apprehensiveness under an iron smile and an obtuse stolidity, though jealousy raged within him.

"Give a name, madam, to the object of your fears," said he, grimly. "You, I cannot harm. A victim! If any one is a victim, who so much as I? If I am to forebear and protect, I must know this lucky, though needy individual."

"Too well, you know. My fears are surely grounded. Is it because you wish to torture me further that you insist in my naming Lieutenant Stanton?"

"Curse him!" said Cleeve, in so deadly a tone that she shrank from him as from something poisonous. "Hark you' Miss," he seized her wrist harshly. "It is true that I do not hold him so much to blame as I do you. There are degrees in sin and cruelty, as there are in suffering. Your sin is beyond his, just as the misery you cause me, is beyond an ordinary woe, in being hopeless, except through revenge. My hand is powerless to harm you, for I love you, frivolous and cruel as you are. But as for him—I promise you nothing—nothing!"

"No, no, you will not be so cruel. He is so trustful and unsuspicious, looking on you, as his best friend. He laughs at my fears. Can you abuse that trust for the sake of mere reprisal? He is not to blame for what you consider my fickleness."

"Is he not? Well, I have my own opinions. More than that. During the months we will be absent, during the long night that may mark our stay at or near the pole, should any mishap occur—you will hear nothing. In that icy desert we shall be swallowed up, obliterated, until we—or such of us as survive—return. There will be no news, whatever, our friends must live on hope—on hope; deferred, perhaps, for years."

"I hear you," she whispered, breathlessly. "But you will leave with me that hope, unfettered, uncrushed by the dread of your revenge against me, being wrecked on him, in that unknown oblivion of ice and snow?"

"I will leave with you nothing," said Cleeve, grimly, "except on one condition. One condition, only," he repeated.

No answer. Sylvia felt a touch, as of an icy finger at her heart. Her lips moved, yet no sounds were audible.

"On one condition only will he be safe, so far as I am concerned," the man reiterated. "Remember, in that life forsaken region he is at my beck and call—in short, at my mercy—mine! I, whom neither of you care for; I, whom you have sacrificed for him. Who is to know what becomes of him? Who will care, when dangers unknown elsewhere, threaten every life? Do you not know that there are a score of chances to one, some of the weaklier ones may not return? Even their emaciated carcasses may not be found, or, if found, are left behind, ignored, forgotten, to be eaten of by wild beasts, in that region of want, hunger, and death. Sometimes, those beasts were once men——"

"Captain Cleeve, you are a monster!" She interrupted, through unendurable excess of horror. "And you once made me think, not only that you loved me, but that I loved you—you!" Then she wrung her hands.

"What will I do—oh, what will I do!"

"Do!" he echoed. "You will do this. You will promise to marry me, immediately on our return—our! A—you understand. Otherwise, one of us two may never come back. I am strong, inured to hardship; he is weakly, and inexperienced. Who shall know what becomes of one of us—unless—but why go on? Draw your deductions."

For a moment she remained motionless, while the horror of the situation still grew within her; then clasping her throbbing head in her hands, she swayed to and fro, moaning half-incoherently:

"I cannot, I cannot! Has this man no compassion? What does he know about true love, to make the innocent suffer for the guilty!"

"Choose, girl!" he emphasized. "I feel my necessities, and I know my power. It's exercise is the only refuge I, too, have against despair. I do not say you shall be mine, Sylvia; that rests with you. But if you fail to renew your promise to be my wife, your worst fears regarding that foolish boy are more than likely to become certainties. It is easy to hate when hope of better things departs."

Still with hands clasped about her temples, she sat swaying on the sofa, breathing in a labored way, when steps were heard in the hall, beyond the portiere.

"Some one will interrupt," he urged. "Choose here and now, or be silent at your own cost."

"I—I? No. How can I? How dare I?"

Cleeve stood like an iron impersonation of fate. His very smile was as of steel. The steps drew nearer.

"Choose," he repeated in a cold, immobile tone.

Sylvia drew herself up rigidly, her breath protracting into a long sob. Her arms fell, nerveless, and she eyed him, not unlike one fascinated by a hypnotic fear, a paralysis of horror, as it were.

"I—I promise," she gasped, then sank backward, seemingly without life or motion, as Miss Sophia Walwarth hurriedly entered.

"Sylvia," said her aunt, anxiously, then turned to Captain Cleeve an inquiring look.

"I think she has—fainted," he commented in a hesitating way.

"Of course, she has!" snapped that lady, impatiently. "Did you think the poor girl had gone to sleep? Don't stand there staring. Bring water while I fan her and apply some sal-vo-la-tile."

Captain Cleeve, relentless, the inexorable, meekly obeyed, moving off like one half-awake, his mind still dazed by a too vivid dream.

"Have I killed her?" he thought, rather inanely.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT IS NOT FORGIVENESS—REMEMBER.

When Sylvia Baranov again opened her eyes, after prolonged exertions on the part of Miss Walwarth and Cleeve, they fell upon the captain, as by an irrestible though abhorred attraction.

"Make him go away," she murmured, with effort, for she was very weak. "The man is a monster—a—a—murdered—at—heart."

The words came in sharp, half-whispers, punctuated by gasps for breath. A spasm of pain contracted the captain's face. He silently placed himself where she would not see him, without turning.

How ethereally fair and wan she was! Lying there, her face wreathed by tumbling masses of yellow hair; her deep blue eyes enlarged by the sunken shadows beneath, she looked almost unearthly, as if in one more torturing effort, her soul might leave the frail tenement of earth, which troubles were making so distasteful an abode, for a nature too spiritual to longer endure the gross strivings of our common life below. The sight was, in itself, a torture to Cleeve, for though rejected and cast aside, the man sorrowed over the physical wreck his own jealousy had made.

"Miss Walwarth," he ventured to say, in so spulchral a tone, that the aunt looked sharply up at him. "I am not so bad as that. Before heaven, I am more sinned against than sinning."

"Make him go away," repeated the girl, without turning so that she could see him again. "Make—him—go——"

"I love her so, so very much," continued Cleeve. "I loved so long and faithfully; and until last night, I had no thought but to live and work for her. She was the one woman, for me. Day and night, my thoughts, hopes, purposes, resolved round one common centre—her happiness; for her happiness made mine. Now, at one wide sweep, all is changed. Can you blame me if I, too, find myself changed?"

His stolid, hopeless tone, affected Miss Walwarth more than his words.

All personal love is selfish. As it gives all, so it demands all; else come misery, desolation, jealousy, revenge. This is as trite as the flow of water down hill. Yet the heart-break of a strong man, has in it something to affect a woman over and beyond her sympathy for the weaker ones, who merely suffer and cry out to be left alone to die.

She looked at him not unkindly, notwithstanding her concern for her niece. "It is hard," she said. "But people seldom conform, in their loves and hatreds, to rule or precedent. If they did, or could, there might be less of tragedy in the world. I have managed to steer clear of these emotional gulfs. Yet, as I grow older, what I have avoided for myself, hurts me vicariously, so to speak, when I see those dear and near-by blood and affection, made so unhappy as this frail girl is now."

"Why will he not go away, auntie?" said Sylvia, suddenly, as if rousing from a stupor. "I could hate that man!" She wrung her hands piteously. "Indeed, I could—but for George—but for George!"

Cleeve's dark features were a problem in physiognomical contortion as, still standing aside, he listened at what he could not help hearing. Anguish, despair, hopelessness, struggled together, finally uniting in a saturine expression of final resolves. This might have savored of hatred, retributation; but certainly evinced no outward promptings of forgiveness, mercy, or hope. He seemed to lose control of himself. Disregarding Miss Walwarth's warning glance, he stepped forward again, and the aversion with which she again encountered the sight of him, enraged him yet the more.

"I am going; do not doubt it," said Cleeve in grating tones. "I am going to the man of your choice—your second choice. I may be disappointed, hated, even despised, but I will no longer be played with. Remember that. You, who trifle with men's hearts, have left me but one refuge—all else is as gall to me. What that refuge is likely to do, let your dreams, your hallucinations, foreshow. It is not forgiveness—remember also, that."

While he was speaking, Sylvia shuddered, still averting her face, as from an unbearable sight. The aunt's efforts to make him desist, were not noticed. The gloomy passion of the man, daunted even her. Having said his say, he left the room and the house at once, and they saw him through a window striding down the avenue like one possessed of furies.

When the echoes of the departing tread died away, and they no more saw his broad shoulders swinging towards the bay and the nearer trolley, the girl gave way completely. She fell upon Miss Walwarth's neck in complete despair.

"Help me, auntie!" she cried. "Help me to bear up! The suspense—the awful, unending suspense—weeks, months, perhaps years, perhaps always!"

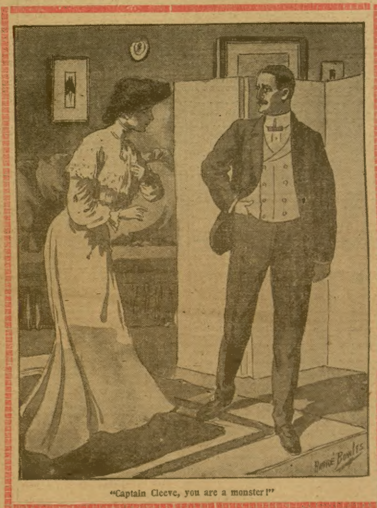
"Hush, my dear. Even this man, hard as he seems, is human. Lieutenant Stanton—"

"To think, auntie, that George is with and under that devil! He is my torture. If it was only I instead of George—ah!—what relief! I am to blame; he is to suffer. Help me to endure, dear Aunt Sophia, or the thought will drive me wild—wild——"

Nervous exhaustion once more put an end to these distressing manifestations, much to the older woman's relief.

"Thank goodness!" she reflected, "I never yet saw the man who could make me lose a night's sleep. They are all alike where we are concerned, from Adam, down. To my mind there is no good, solid, lasting comfort in any of them. For her own sake, I wish this poor girl might think and feel the same way."

Another installment of this very extraordinary story, increasing in interest, will appear in next week's Ledger. All readers desiring our free cameras or patterns will find the conditions named in our advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen. We strongly advise you to subscribe for the Ledger at once and secure the remainder of this thrilling narrative and many other great stories that will soon appear.



"Captain Cleeve, you are a monster!"

* * *

Death of Marie Antoinette.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

When the head of Louis XVI. was falling beneath the slide of the guillotine, his unhappy wife, with her children and the Princess Elizabeth, sister of the king, were in the prison of the Temple, enduring anguish as acute as the human soul on earth can experience. The uproar in the streets, the shouts of the people, the rumbling of the heavy artillery over the pavements, penetrated the iron bars of their prison. At length the booming of the guns announced that the fatal ax had fallen. The queen fell into such a succession of swoons that it was feared that her life would, at the same moment, be extinguished.

Four months of almost unearthly misery passed away, when late one night a loud noise was heard at the door of her chamber, and a band of armed men burst rudely in. They read, to the woe-stricken, frantic queen, an order that her son should be taken from her, to be consigned to a dungeon by himself, in another prison. The poor boy, a lad but six years of age, whom suffering had rendered precocious, heard this order read with terror. He threw himself into his mother's arms, shrieking:

"Oh, mother! mother! do not abandon me to these men! They will kill me, as they did papa!"

Marie Antoinette was delirious with anguish. She seized her son, and, with her eyeballs almost starting from their sockets, declared that they should tear her in pieces before they should wrest from her her child. For two hours she thus contended with the officers, who, moved by her agony, desisted from tearing the child from her by violence. At last, overcome by exhaustion, she fell in a swoon upon the floor. When she revived the child was gone.

Three months passed away, three months of unutterable misery, during which her most frantic importunities were unavailing to obtain an interview with her son. Early in August the queen was roused from troubled dreams at midnight by a band of soldiers, with lanterns, entering her room. They ordered her immediately to arise and accompany them to the prison of the Conciergerie. She was compelled to dress in the presence of the brutal men who had been sent for her. Clasping, for one frantic moment, her distracted daughter to her heart, and speaking a few words of impassioned tenderness to her sister, she was led, in the unresistance of utter despair, from her prison cell.

In passing out she struck her forehead violently against the low portal of the door.

"Did you hurt yourself?" inquired one of the constables.

"No!" was Marie's despairing reply; "nothing now can further harm me."

The queen was placed in a carriage, and, carefully guarded, was conveyed through the midnight darkness of the streets to the gloomy prison of the Conciergerie. The prison cells of this vast mass of stone and iron were truly tombs. They consisted of a series of subterranean dungeons below the floor of the immense edifice, and even below the bed of the river which washed its walls. The imagination can scarcely conceive of vaults more damp, gloomy and revolting.

Down the dripping and slippery steps of stone the daughter of the House of Hapsburg and the bride of the Bourbon king was led, groping her way by the light of a tallow candle, through a labyrinth of corridors, until they reached an iron door. A key was applied; the opening door grated harshly upon its rusty hinges, and the queen was dragged in. Two soldiers accompanied her. They locked the door behind them.

As we have said, it was midnight. The dim lantern gave just light enough to show her the dampness and the horrors of the apartment in which she was immured. There was in one corner a miserable pallet with the coarsest covering. A pine table and a single chair constituted the only remaining furniture. The dampness and the dust had formed into a coating of mud upon the floor, while streams of water trickled down the stone walls. Such was the apartment which the queen of France received in exchange for the splendors of the Tuileries and Versailles.

Even the hard heart of the jailer was touched in view of such unmitigated misery. The jailer's wife wept over the woes of the queen. But she did not dare to speak words of kindness, lest they should be reported by the guard to the dreadful revolutionary tribunal. She ventured, however, to send her some food a little different from the ordinary prison fare, and loaned her a needle and a ball of worsted to beguile in some degree the terrible dreariness of these prison hours. For these slight acts of humanity both she and her husband were arrested by order of the Committee of Public Safety, and were themselves consigned to one of the gloomiest dungeons of the Conciergerie.

The shoes of the queen became so damp and molded that they soon dropped from her feet. Her stockings and dress were in tatters. Two soldiers with swords in their hands were stationed, in wanton cruelty, in her apartment night and day. No respect was paid to womanly delicacy. Her locks, bleached by anguish, were white as the drifted snow. The queen, shivering with cold in her damp and rayless cell, ventured to ask for an additional counterpane for her bed.

"How dare you make such a request?" sternly responded one of her guards. "You deserve to be immediately sent to the guillotine."

The queen converted a toothpick into a tapestry needle. With this she succeeded in knitting a garter with thread which she raveled from a tattered woolen coverlet. This she contrived secretly to send as a memorial of her love to her daughter, who was in the prison of the Temple. This was the only legacy which the daughter of Maria Theresa could transmit to her child. That garter is still preserved as a sacred relic by those who revere the memory of Marie Antoinette.

Two months of this imprisonment passed away when the queen was led from her dungeon to the court-room above for trial. She was accused, and pronounced guilty, of abhorring a revolution which had beheaded her husband and consigned her whole family to unutterable misery. The queen condescended to no defense, and calmly, almost rejoicingly, listened to the sentence that she should be beheaded on the guillotine within twenty-four hours.

Insults and execrations followed her as she was led back to her dungeon. It was then four o'clock in the morning. She called for pen and paper, and wrote one of the most pathetic letters which ever came from mortal pen to her sister and her children. Then, as if done with earth, she kneeled by her bedside and commended her soul to God in prayer.

Two hours passed away, and the daughter of the jailer came to dress her for the guillotine. It was the sixteenth of October, 1793. A white robe was thrown over her person, a white handkerchief covered her shoulders, and a white cap, bound to her head by a black ribbon, covered her hair.

The morning was chill and damp, a dense fog enveloping Paris. Crowds of people gathered around the prison and thronged the streets leading to the guillotine. At eleven o'clock the executioners entered, bound her hands behind her, and led her out to the rude death-cart, which was drawn up at the prison door. The queen was alone in the cart. She could not support herself. She was pitched to and fro as the cart rumbled over the rough pavements. With a hurried tread she ascended the steps of the scaffold, kneeled in a short, silent prayer, and was bound to the plank. The ax fell, and the head of Marie Antoinette dropped into the basket which had been placed to receive it.

* * *

They Knew.

She was a particularly fervent specimen of kindergarten teacher, and counted as a privilege her opportunity to do a little summer work in the slums. Her first lesson, she resolved, should combine the love of our dumb friends with a suggestion for the true observing of things. She began with an engaging but earnest smile.

"Now, children, I want you to tell me what kind of clothes the kitty wears!"

Dead silence.

"Why, children, don't you know what kind of clothes the kitty wears?"

The enthusiastic young woman had not anticipated such unresponsiveness, but nothing daunted by the blank faces before her, she went back to the beginning and tried the gentle art of instilling the right answer into the minds of her pupils by the method of elimination.

"Well, my dears, does the kitty wear feathers?" she asked.

Then a small boy in the front row leaned forward and inquired earnestly, but with a touch of contempt in his voice, "Say, teacher, ain't you never seen a cat?"

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But few men would insure if they were sure.

It is foolish for a man to kick himself when he's down.

Milk of human kindness is never run through a cream separator.

Even officeholders have their trials—and some of them have indictments.

Don't expect to tower above your neighbors by standing on your dignity.

Students in the school of experience are handed their diplomas by the undertaker.

Even the girl with dreamy eyes is apt to be wide awake to her matrimonial chances.

Even the lines of the poor poet are likely to be cast in pleasant places—when he goes fishing.

We never realize how much nerve we have until we have occasion to occupy a dentist's chair.

A woman never has much confidence in a grocer who doesn't belong to the same church she does.

Even the girl's father might overlook a young man's shortcomings if it wasn't for his long stayings.

After pocketing his fee the congratulations of the minister who officiates at a wedding are genuine.

A widow always pretends she isn't trying to help a man when he tries to kiss her—but she is, just the same.

At least enough evidence has developed since Thaw shot White to prove that New York needs a housecleaning.

Doubtless, too, the czar is bluffing to see just how little the douma will accept and not tear his own house down.

An Indiana girl shot her father to keep him from getting married again. Some parents are so difficult to manage.

When a girl begins to appear anxious about the state of a young man's health he can take his choice between the parson and the undertaker.

Great Britain, which was so shocked at the way American sausage was made, has discovered on peeping through the cracks into its own factories that these are much worse than anything in Chicago.

Italy will reduce its army if the other powers will cut down their fighting forces. On looking over its budget Italy decided that it wanted to have some money left to buy playthings for the royal children.

Russian terrorists killed the wrong man the other day, but, like the Arkansas lynchers, they will probably excuse themselves by declaring that they would doubtless have had to deal with his case sooner or later, anyway.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES;

—OR—

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

By ERNEST DE LANCEY PIERSON,
author of "A Slave of Circumstances," "The Black Ball," et

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CHAPTER VII.

MORE MYSTERY.

And how had it fared meanwhile with the artist, who, thanks to the doctor's cunning, had been spirited away from the zone of danger?

The rocking motion of the carriage, and owing to the fact that he had eaten that day next to nothing and drank some heavy spirits, made Gilbert Renwood drowsy. He had fallen into a restless sleep before they had gone many blocks.

He heard half consciously the rattle of the wheels, and then a jolt as the vehicle stopped. Then felt himself lifted out and carried up what seemed to be an interminable flight of stairs. Yet he had no inclination to open his eyes to see where he was being taken, nor did he care much at the time.

Presently he heard as in a dream a heavy door being closed, the sound of Doctor Mordecai's voice giving an order, and then he was laid gently down on some sort of sofa.

A little after that he opened his eyes and saw the doctor standing over him with a cut glass bottle in his hand.

"Ah, you are alive, eh?" said the old man with a smile. "I was just going to give you a whiff of this, but you've saved me the trouble. Well, a little nap will leave you none the worse. You needed it."

As Renwood looked around him without answering, he was astonished to find himself in a room which, though smaller, was almost the exact counterpart of the one in the doctor's flat, where they had talked matters over. It was perhaps not so crowded with oriental gewgaws, but the taste displayed was the same in both cases.

"Ah, I see you trace the resemblance," nodded the strange doctor. "Yes, I'm responsible for the furnishings. It is my fancy to have more than one habitation in the city. Being too old now to travel, as I once loved to do, I live down here occasionally and fancy that I am in another city. As this neighborhood is peopled with foreigners it is not difficult to keep up the delusion."

The young man walked over to the windows and pushed aside the curtains. He saw before him a high blank wall, and towering above it the roofs of neighboring houses with sundry accompanying chimney pots. But, what was more interesting, was the sight of thin bars, painted white, over the windows.

"Those bars were necessary," explained the doctor airily. "Unfortunatly I am surrounded here by some wild men who have not the proper respect for the rights of property. There are many trifles lying about here of value enough to tempt the cupidity of these absent minded aborigines, so I have put up the bars to keep them out."

"It gives one a strange feeling—it is like being in prison," murmured Renwood, looking around him doubtfully.

"If you had a taste of the real thing you would find there was a great difference," smiled Mordecai. "And you stand a good chance of doing so, unless you put yourself unreservedly in my hands."

"I am sure I have shown a willingness to do so ever since we met," stammered the young man.

"Then for the present you must constitute yourself my prisoner," replied the doctor calmly.

"Eh—I don't understand!"

"Oh, it will only be such a brief incarceration, and, I dare say, hundreds of men would welcome being shut up in such quarters as these, with every reasonable want satisfied," and he looked around the handsome room complacently. "Having gone to all this trouble so far to save your neck I don't want you to spoil everything by doing something impulsive that would ruin all my plans."

"Then I am not a free agent to go and come as I will?" asked the other indignantly.

"What! show yourself, when half the detectives in town may be looking for you? As it is, we just got through before that little man, Pendrick, came on the scene, or rather waked up to the situation."

"But I must see her—I——"

"Yes, and be neatly caught just as you were coming out of her ladyship's bower! For her house is sure to be the first one over which they will establish a guard. Go over to that desk in the corner," pointing to an ebony and tortoise-shell affair at the end of the room. "Write, explaining your situation, whatever you choose, and I will see that it is delivered to her in person and unseen by anyone else. Now then get to work."

Renwood looked at him a moment, and then awed by the others masterful manner he sauntered over to the desk in question and, selecting a sheet of paper from the sheaf on a rack above the desk, began to write. More than one piece was covered and torn up before he could frame a note to suit him, and in the meantime, the doctor stood by a window peering from behind a corner of the curtain into the yard.

Renwood folded his sheet and placed it in an envelope which he addressed to "Miss Florence Galbraith, 9001 Madison avenue."

"Haven't been too explicit about where you are at present stopping?" asked the doctor, fixing his keen eyes on the young man.

"Certainly, not. I just wrote a word to calm her fears. That's all."

"Hump!" grunted Mordecai. "Well, it's your own funeral if you have betrayed yourself. The appearance of little Pendrick on the scene will give me work enough to keep your hiding place a secret. If he had not sold his services already in this business I should certainly have engaged him to act for us, and find the murderer. Unfortunately he's hired. Now, I am going to lock you in," as he moved toward the door, "but don't be alarmed. Pull that bell if you need anything," pointing to a long, gilt chain with a ball at the end, that depended from the wall, in one corner. "You will have all moderate wants satisfied. Here is a paper you might be interested in reading," as he pulled one out of his overcoat pocket and tossed it to Renwood. Then with a nod he disappeared through the door and his guest heard the click of the lock as he closed it.

"What a day this has been," groaned the artist, pressing his aching brow with his hand. "And this man who acts so friendly, and is yet so strange! What is he doing this for? What is his object? He don't appear to be the sort of man who would put himself out just for the slight help I was to him on one occasion that was hardly worth mentioning. No, no, there is some hidden and deeper motive that causes him to protect me. But what it is I can only wait patiently and see."

When he picked up the paper on the floor he saw at a glance why the doctor had left it. Nearly the whole front page was devoted to the murder of the model. There was a picture of the flats, of his studio, reproductions of his work, and worst of all his own portrait, and underneath in glaring type:

"THE MAN WHO IS WANTED."

Gilbert Renwood was not of the material of which heroes are made. The events of the day had materially shaken his by no means strong constitution. Small wonder that he was wanted considering the evidence they had already piled up against him! It seemed enough to condemn any man. A bloodstained handkerchief with his initials on the corner had been unearthed behind a trunk. The studio which was in great disorder showed signs of a recent struggle. More than one person had been roused in the night by strange sounds from the top floor. Then there was a long interview with the young man who ran the elevator. The chloroforming, and the piece of cloth as evidence. All this and more, enlarged and made vivid by the reporters.

He threw the paper away from him, broken in spirit. How could he stem such a tide of evidence if he gave himself up? His only chance lay, as the doctor said, in lying secreted and trusting that in due course of time the real murderer of the woman would be found.

"If I were a somnambulist," he thought bitterly, "I should conclude I had murdered this woman in my sleep!"

He knew what effect this dreadful business would have on the girl he intended, and still hoped to marry, but he could not ease her mind or give her any comfort by appearing in the open—by giving himself up. In the meantime he could correspond with her. The doctor had carried one letter, he would not refuse to bear others. Yes, it was better after all that he followed Mordecai's advice, though he did not trust him, and expected to learn strange things about him before long. In the meantime, he must wait events with what patience he could.

He found himself hungry and pulled the gilt chain, doubtfully. The door opened at once and a rough-looking man in a shabby dress suit appeared as if he had been standing without all the time waiting for a summons.

He was a shifty-eyed, thin-faced fellow,, with a week's stubble on his chin.

"Is it too late to get some supper?" asked Renwood.

"Never too late in this shop," replied the man. "Have it now?"

"Yes, anything, I'm not particular."

"At once," and swinging around on his heel the man in black disappeared.

He returned in a few moments bearing a tray in one hand, and after closing the door carefully behind him, set it down on a gilt table in the center of the room.

"Anything else you will want?"

"Not tonight."

"Very good, sir," and he whisked around and slipped through the door so swiftly and silently as to make Renwood feel that there was something uncanny about the fellow's movements.

There was nothing ghostly about the supper, however, that steamed up from the tray in an appetising way.

All his troubles and worries had not entirely downed his hunger. These delicate viands would have tempted an anchorite and the wine seemed to carry the perfume of a thousand flowers.

Renwood fell to, nor did he stop to theorise or worry himself over how his meal had been produced, or why Doctor Mordecai saw fit to maintain such a mysterious establishment and an incomparable cook.

He could not help but think, though at least once, and not without a tremor, of what the meal might have been if served in that other prison where the stupid police would have placed him.

Away with the dark doubts of the doctor and his possible intentions! He might have hoofs hidden under those lacquered boots and a barbed tail, but he knew how to select a cook and fill his wine cellar.

Renwood did not allow his suspicion to interfere with his enjoyment of this meal, and it was only when he had swept the tray and poured out the last drop of wine in the cup that he pushed aside his chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

The clock struck ten as he smoked a cigar and reviewed the events of the day in a more complacent spirit. Then he examined the room that was to be his prison—for how long? He had never been lodged more luxuriously and the bric-a-brac and eastern curios pleased his artist eye. The place had all the interest of a museum. It was an hour later before he had completed his investigations and went to bed.

It was not so easy to go to sleep. The new sourroundings, his peculiar situation, the thrilling incidents of the morning combined to make him restless. Who lived in this strange dwelling beside himself, he wondered? He had not the slightest idea in what part of the city the house stood.

But why should he bother over such unimportant details. Was he not saved from four stone walls, and a dreary diet through the doctor, that strange friend who arrived in the hour of his need?

It was while he lay there tossing about and trying to woo the slumber that eluded him that he became aware of a strange grinding sound, like a diamond being used on glass. It came from the direction of the windows.

There was no thought of sleeping now. He started up in bed, his eyes fixed on the window from which the grating noise seemed to proceed.

A few moments passed, and then the sound ceased.

Then as Renwood stared in that direction he saw the shadow of a man's figure outlined on the pale silk curtains. A gigantic figure it seemed to the watcher from the bed.

Who was this night intruder? Clearly the best thing for him to do under the circumstances was to roll himself up in the sheets and pretend to be asleep. Really there were unpleasant features attached to a residence in this house of mystery.

He kept one eye exposed to watch what was going on. He saw the silk curtain thrust aside and a man, a very large man, crossed the patch of moonlight and held up something in his hand that at once emitted a flashing light.

CHAPTER VIII.

PENDRICK IN PURSUIT.

The stranger had already got a good start, and much valuable time had been lost during that short talk with the young woman. Pendrick, however, was not a man easily daunted, and while he had only seen the stranger at a distance, and the latter was muffled to the ears, he had photographed on his mind certain peculiarities about the man's attire which he thought would enable him to pick the fellow out of a crowd.

He noticed that the mysterious messenger wore a large, soft hat, and that the crown was creased, perhaps unconsciously, in a peculiar way, and that was quite enough to identify him to a man of Pendrick's training and perception.

Though he was a short man he could cover the ground quickly and he came up with the stranger just as the latter had entered a busy street, still gay with lights and lively with passing people.

He picked up a hansom cab here and rattled off in a southerly direction.

Pendrick was fortunate enough to find an empty vehicle a moment later, and bidding his driver keep the hansom in view, the chase began.

It did not last long. The hansom stopped before a modest two-story house in a quiet street. The occupant paid off his cabby, rang the doorbell, and disappeared within.

There was a small silver-plated sign on the door above the doorbell of this house whereon the detective read:

Jeremiah Godfrey, Banker and Broker.

Pendrick knew that this was the business place of either a loan shark, a gambling magnate or a book-maker. The gentry who engaged in such work rather affected quiet neighborhoods, and were very reticent about advertising their business by means of signs.

Pendrick, who had discharged his driver, could only wait until his man came out, but he made a mental note of the house and street, resolved on making the acquaintance of the banker when he could find an excuse.

The man was so long within that Pendrick grew impatient, and feared that, perhaps he might live there, that he was the head and front of the firm. But after half an hour's wait the strange man appeared.

Pendrick, who had established himself in a safe coin of advantage saw as much of the man as he was permitted to, as the latter stood for a moment on the steps, looking up and down the streeet.

He must be suffering from a severe cold, for his face was muffled up, while the shapeless long overcoat he wore hid his figure so completely that even the keen-eyed watcher would have been at a loss to say whether he was young or old.

This strange person, having finished his inspection of the surroundings, came down the steps and walked away. Pendrick followed at a respectable distance.

As he reached the corner and the stranger was crossing the street, he came upon a policeman, who was strolling up and down under the light, swinging his club, and who had paused for a moment to glance at the muffled figure, just vanishing in the shadows beyond.

Pendrick had an idea.

"Can you tell me where I can find Jeremiah Godfrey, the banker?" he asked, when he was sure that the man in advance could not be near enough to overhear his question.

"Why, ye must have just passed the house, me man," replied the blue coat. "An' was it him ye wanted to see?"

"Sure."

"Then step lively, for that was him that just crossed the street. A fellow all swaddled up in wraps. Ye might ha' noticed him ahead o' ye?"

"Thank you," and Pendrick started ahead, while the officer resumed his walk.

So then it was the banker or broker, or whatever he really was, who had delivered the letter from the artist. Well, this was encouraging. He was piecing things together slowly; perhaps he might learn more of interest before the night was out and have something worth telling Miss Galbraith, when they met the next time.

Mr. Jeremiah Godfrey, for the bundle of clothes had now a habitation and a name, strode on through the night, never looking back and with evidently no apprehension that he was being pursued.

Pendrick noticed, however, that he seemed to prefer the more quiet streets, and that he turned here and there in a most eccentric manner. The detective knew that this was not because he was uncertain as to his destination; the decided way in which Godfrey pursued this zig-zag course showed that he knew what he was about.

What Pendrick wanted most was to get a view of the man's face. He wanted to fix those features, so carefully hidden from view, on his memory. But how could that be done without alarming the fellow?

They had now entered the lower and eastern part of the city, and were only a few blocks away from the river. Empty tenements in various stages of demolition stood on either hand and the foundations of new buildings that had taken the place of those condemned. The piles of refuse and heaps of lumber made walking difficult. Pendrick, however, found the surroundings to his liking.

Dodging across the street, he cut on ahead, slouched his hat over his eyes, turned up the collar of his coat, muffled the lower part of his face with a handkerchief. This done, he took up his stand on the edge of the pavement along which the man he was curious about was proceeding.

Just as the latter came abreast of a lumber pile, behind which he was waiting, he lurched forward, drunkenly, straight into the others arms.

This was so unexpected, that Godfrey uttered a hoarse cry and started back. But not before the detective had managed to displace the muffler that covered most of his face.

In that brief moment he recognized Doctor Mordecai!

"Beg par'on, Bill, no harmsh done, I hope'sh," he muttered aloud by way of apology. "Come'n have drinksh an' we'll call it square," but as he reached out his hands in a friendly, but aimless manner, Mordecai-Godfrey turned and strode swiftly away muttering to himself.

So then here was a man living as a banker in one part of the city and as a doctor in another? Moreover, he was an intermediary between the missing Gilbert Renwood and must know a great deal about that murder. He would certainly bear watching, and Pendrick, having given his man a good start, continued his pursuit.

It was when he came in sight of his man again that another figure intruded itself on the scene. This was a very tall man, who popped up like a jack-in-the-box, and who, from his actions, seemed to be quite as much interested in the doctor-banker as Pendrick.

"The deuce," grumbled the latter, as he watched the movements of the big man and his quarry. "This giant seems to be in my line o' business, too; I'm afraid this is going to complicate matters."

The tall fellow was certainly shadowing Mordecai-Godfrey, for he stopped when that person did and took care to keep out of sight in the meantime.

Pendrick thought it best, since his line of vision was more or less obstructed by the interference of this meddler, to take to the other side of the street, where he could have a better view of the movements of them both.

It was just when he had made this flank movement that he saw the doctor disappear. The other man ran forward and Pendrick was quick to follow.

Mordecai's disappearance was not affected through a trap; he had simply entered a narrow alley lined on each side by tall, dark warehouses. These were presently succeeded by a high, stone wall, behind which the roofs of some old houses could be seen, and on the other hand, a small, stone building, over the lower part of which was displayed a huge sign.

Job Harrington, Exporter and Importer.

It was into this building that Mordecai disappeared, and a light in an upper window, displayed a moment later, showed that he was at home there.

Pendrick wondered if the name "Harrington" was not another alias of the strange gentleman of the Arcadian flats. Evidently he was a man of affairs. He had all the directory to pick names from if he chose to play many parts.

But Pendrick was now curiously regarding the tall man who was unconsciously sharing his interest in Mordecai's movements. This gentleman, who seemed to know his way about that particular location, was fumbling at an iron door that led to the rear of the building.

He succeeded finally in getting it open, and disappeared within.

When the detective, after waiting a few minutes, decided to follow, he found himself in a long, paved alley, flanked by the building and a high wall. He saw no signs of the man, but attracted by a noise from above, he looked up and saw the tall gentleman standing on an iron balcony that projected from a window in the third story. A moment later he disappeared inside the house.

"A pair of rogues both, I guess," muttered Pendrick, wondering at the same time how the big fellow had clambered up to that high window.

"He must be a man of extraordinary strength to have lifted himself up there with only the projections above the windows to aid him."

He was quite sure that he would be unable to work the same trick himself, though he was more than interested in what was transpiring inside the house in that upper room.

After a long, a very long time, it seemed to the detective, a huge, black figure appeared on the balcony. The big fellow looked bulkier than when Pendrick had seen him last, apparently weighted down with plunder. Certainly, it was not an affair of love that had urged him to scale those walls. Yet he managed to clamber down with surprising agility for one of his size, and as soon as his feet touched the pavement, with a parting look upward, he ran into the street.

Pendrick, at his heels, stumbled over something bright on the flagged pavement, that the burglar had evidently dropped in his flight.

He stooped and picked it up. It was a small, silver, heart-shaped jewel box, meant to hold a necklace and a few trifles, and there was a monogram on the top.

Pendrick whistled softly as he turned the thing over in his hand.

"Ho!" he muttered, "I never start to hunt one rascal, but I get wind of another. This belongs to the lot of jewelry and things taken from the Marchands house a month ago. Whether this man just gathered it in on this raid, or it was in his possession when he came here don't matter. I'll transfer my attentions to him. A heart to heart talk with this gentleman will clear the air," and examining his pistols to see if they were ready he followed the long, loping figure in the distance.

CHAPTER IX.

"LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT."

The shadow on the curtain had not exaggerated the size of the man who had produced it. Now that Renwood had a full view of him as he stood there waving around him the pocket flash-light, he appeared a formidable figure. Fully six and a half feet high, and built in proportion, his ragged clothes and unkempt beard, would have startled a less nervous person than the timid occupant of the bed. It was hardly possible, Renwood thought, that he could escape observation, and even if he had been armed he would never have found courage to face such a man.

The strange visitor glided softly here and there about the room, peering into corners, investigating certain cabinets on the wall and, from his actions, pocketing many of the things that he found there.

Certainly, he was nothing more than a common robber, thought the watcher, and since these gentry seldom proceed to violence, unless it was necessary, he might count on escaping if he pretended to be asleep.

Once, when he caught a glimpse of the big man's face, that was not hidden by a rough beard, it seemed quite amiable in expression. He was even heard to hum a tune as he moved about his work in a business sort of a way, as if he rather enjoyed it.

The man had not turned his attention towards the bed as yet, though Renwood caught him glancing in that direction when he first made his appearance.

He had been engaged for some time transferring certain objects of his choice to his pockets and was standing in the middle of the floor looking around him, as if in doubt where to begin next, when the occupant of the bed gave a loud sneeze. If a bomb had exploded in the silence the big man could not have appeared more startled.

He reached the bed in one stride and flashed his light in the artist's face.

"And who the devil might you be?" he asked in a very mild voice, at the same time holding something shining in one hand that looked like a pistol.

"What are you doing here, huh?" asked the giant. "There ain't no call to look so scared. I ain't goin' to eat ye, onless ye cut up rough. Yer a foreigner, with that yaller, brown face, I take it."

Renwood had forgotten to remove the stain that had helped his escape.

"I'm here at the doctor's invitation."

He was beginning to feel some interest in this bandit who did not seem so formidable after all, and what an admirable picture he would make!

"The doctor?" asked the other, shaking his head and at the same time pocketing his pistol. "Oh, to be sure, he is a doctor, when he's so minded and tired o' playin' other parts. I wonder now what he wants with you. You don't look like no likely recruit. Are you a friend o' his'n?"

"I have only known him for a day."

"Well, you take my advice and get clear of him an' all his works. You have a fine chance to git away when I do," nodding in the direction of the window by which he had entered. "I used to work fer the old wolf, but there was some trouble, an' I got blame fer it and went up the river fer a spell. I'm sorry he ain't here fer I'd like to pay my rispects to him. I got a sight of him this mornin' and found out this place and thought I'd call when convenient. Now, you take my advice, young man, and cut loose from him an' his friends or you'll land where they put me, if nuthin' worse."

Renwood wanted to ask for more details about Doctor Mordecai, but the other did not give him a chance.

"You must ha' be'n in trouble and the old wolf offered ye pertection, eh?"

"Yes, that was the way."

The big man laughed softly and stroked his ragged beard.

"Oh, he's a great philanthropist, I don't think," chuckling. "Depend on it, he hain't took ye under his wing onless he has a good reason, an' you'll pay high fer the accommodation. Now, you take my advice an' skip when I do."

"Ah, you don't know the situation I am in," replied Renwood, for the big, rough fellow seemed really to take an interest in him. "I'm a willing prisoner here, and if I were to venture out I should not be sure of finding so good a refuge. I'm between the devil and the deep, blue sea."

"There's no boubt about ye havin' the old Nick on one side of ye!" remarked the ragged gentleman. "He loves to befriend parties that are up against it. But I tell ye as one what knows, that it's better to trust to the world's mercy than to that man. He never sets without he sees profit ahead for him, and when he's through with you he'll chuck ye away like a dirty old rag."

Was Renwood to believe what this man said, whose acquaintance he had made under conditions quite as peculiar as when he met the doctor. He had made up his mind that Mordecai was no saint, but what possible profit he could derive from this business he could not imagine.

So far, he had acted the part of a friend, and Renwood was quite sure he could not find another like him if he ventured to face the music. Of course, Miss Galbraith would stand by him, that is, he hoped so, but what could she give him but sympathy.

"I'm am much obliged to you, but I think I'll stay here and let things take their course," he said, "beggars can't be choosers."

"Ah, he's won you over with that oily gammon of his. Ah, don't I know the old sarpint! But you wait an' see. You'll find him out. He'll chuck the mask one of these days, and you'll wish you'd took my advice and have hoofed it out of here, if it was to face whole regiments outside with their guns pinted plumb at ye."

The man looked at him as if expecting an answer, but Renwood was silent. Why should he exchange his present comfortable quarters for the uncertainties of life beyond these walls. Even if the doctor was as black a figure as he had been painted, where could he find another to do as much for him? This fellow owed Mordecai a grudge for real or fancied wrongs, why should he trust him any more than the doctor?

"I see ye hain't goin' to take up with my propersition," grumbled the ragged visitor. "Well, you kin choose about that, but it won't be long before ye find out yer mistake. Ye look to be a decent fellow, an' I hate to see ye helpin' that scoundrel in his business."

He rose and shuffled off to the window where he stood for a moment peering through the curtain, then turned and lurched back to the bedside again.

"Then ye won't let me help ye outen this hole?" he asked.

"No. I've concluded to stay."

"Humph!" then he laughed. "Well, I guess I don't strike ye like a feller you could take to yer buzzum, but never mind, I ain't as bad as I look. See here, I've took a fancy to ye, and I don't wantter see old Mordecai swaller ye up. I'll be around this neighborhood fer a spell. There's a leetle account I have to settle with the chief, so I've took lodging's in the neighborhood. If ye stand by that there winder, ye'll see a pinted gable of a house with a red roof t'other side o' the wall. I live in that there gable, an' the winder gives a good view o' this j'int. Now when you should happen to wish my help, why let me know."

"But how am I to go about it?"

"I was just about to tell ye. When this he bear, Mordecai, as he calls himself at present, shows his hand, and you wish to get out of his clutches, you do this." He crossed the room and presently returned with a bit of scarlet ribbon in his hand. "See this bit o' silk? Well, you pin it to the silk curtains on the winder to the right, and I'll see it from my room in the roof and know ye want me."

The time might come that he might want this man's services. He would not be surprised at anything after his experiences in the last twenty hours. Two men, and such a queer pair, had offered him their services. Why, it was all like a page out of some wild melodramatic novel!

"If I need to, I'll be glad to follow your advice," Renwood said.

"You'd better. Depend on it, the old serpent has good reasons for wishin' to befriend ye."

"And you——?" The words were out before Renwood knew it.

"Ho!" said the strange man, with a laugh, "what I should do fer ye would not be altogether outer friendship, but outer hatred fer him. He made a mess o' my life an' ef I ain't caught up with a right hand twist, I'm goin' to make him suffer as I done. Whist!" and he turned and looked around cautiously. "I come near forgettin' that he might drop in through the wall or out of the ceiling. Now you remember!" and with a nod he glided over to the window and disappeared.

The curtains hastily thrust aside by the man as he made his way out, had scarcely fallen back in place when Renwood was surprised to see a figure glide into the shaft of moonlight, that spread from the window, across the floor.

At first he thought it was the same person, but one look satisfied him that this was a much shorter man. Then as the light shone full on his face he recognized Doctor Mordecai.

The doctor stood for a moment peering through the curtains on the night, and then muttering something in a low voice, he came over to the bed and, turning the slide of a dark-lantern, flashed the light over the occupant.

This was so unexpected that Renwood, who was pretending to sleep, blinked and then opened his eyes.

"What, you here? How you startled me," yawning and stretching his arms wide.

"I heard a strange noise," and the doctor's eyes glittered like black diamonds in the light of his lantern as he fixed them intently on the artist.

"Did you, indeed? Well, I have been asleep and a mighty heavy sleep it was."

Of course, Mordecai would find out sooner or later that the room had been entered and that he had been robbed, but Renwood saw no reason why he should tell of his interview with the burglar. It might not be believed that he could sleep through such a thing, but what of that. They would not accuse him of the thefts, and the time might come when he might need the services of the big fellow. It was just as well to cast anchor to windward.

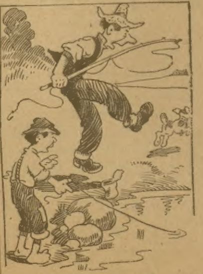
Mordecai eyed him a long time, as the artist thought, with suspicion, and then rose slowly to his feet.

"You are not a good dissembler, my young friend," he said slowly, "but no more of this tonight. We will talk of this in the morning," and was gone as mysteriously as he had appeared.

This strong story will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. Very strange and interesting situations develop as the narrative proceeds. The reader should follow it to the end. Now is a good time to subscribe for the Ledger. As a story paper it is acknowledged to have no superior anywhere. Great stories of romance and mystery, of adventure and fascinating detective work, of the exploits of boys and girls, together with poetry and humor are steadily appearing in these pages. You should take the Ledger regularly. If you have not yet subscribed or your subscription has expired, send in your order for the paper at once. Boys who would like our King Cameras and ladies who desire the latest patterns are requested to note that we are giving there fine premiums absolutely free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

◆

Antagonistic.



Boy—"Wot yer chasin' my dog away for?"

Old Kickerby—"You don't expect to catch catfish with a dog around, do you?"

◆

Demoralizing.

The old man on the postoffice steps was chewing his straw and frowning in high dudgeon.

"You seem in a bad humor, uncle?" ventured the starch drummer.

"Yeas, and, by heck, I ought to be," growled the old man. "This here town is going to the bowwows."

"What is the cause of that?"

"Why, Bill Binks, our Congressman. We sent him to Congress to make the town better and it was better while he was away. But as soon as he came home with all the things he learned in Washington, the sewing socials turned to bridge whist parties, the checker clubs turned to poker clubs and, be gosh, the spruce beer drinkers turned to cocktail drinkers. He's put the town to the bad and the next time he goes away we are going to pay him extra to spend his loafing months away from Bacon Ridge."

◆

We often wonder why the man who is always boasting of the splendid positions offered him continues to hold down a cheap job.

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Certain of Her Language.

The principal in one of Washington's high schools relates an incident in connection with the last commencement-day of the institution mentioned. A clever girl had taken one of the principal prizes. At the close of the exercises her friends crowded about her to offer congratulations.

"Weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, Hattie," asked one, "when there were so many contestants?"

"Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hattie. "Because I knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned alive!"

Afraid to Show Prices.

Store Proprietor—to possible customer looking at the window—Coom in, coom in, und I show you dose dings mineself.

Possible Customer, shyly—I don't know about going in. I generally deal in stores that have their prices plainly marked.

Store Proprietor—Dot vos all right, mine friendt; but it nod do vor us to mark our prices on dose dings. Our prices is so low dot beoples vould dink dey vas second-hand.

A Little Too Late.

Old Lady—I have determined to leave my fortune to the man who saved my life when I was a little girl.

Lawyer—Noble woman! All the world will ring with your praises. Who is the man?

"James Jameson, a poor carpenter. He lived——"

"Ah, yes, I remember him. He starved to death forty years ago."

Man's Appreciation.

Mrs. Wedderly—The audacity of our cook! She told me this morning that she didn't want me fussing around the kitchen.

Wedderly—Guess I'll go right down and interview her.

Mrs. Wedderly—Are you going to discharge her.

Wedderly—I should say not. I'm going to raise her wages.

The Cook's Excursions.

"It seems," said Citiman, "that Subbubs spends most of his time nowadays arranging Cook's excursions."

"Nonsense! he's in the insurance business still."

"I know, but it keeps him busy taking new cooks out to his place to spend a few days."

Secret of Success.

Higgins—I understand you tried farming last year. Did you make it pay?

Wiggins—No; I lost a lot of money, but I'm going to make it back this year.

Higgins—How?

Wiggins—I'm going to write a book on "How to Make Farming Pay."

Touched a Soft Spot.

"Get out of this yard! I gave you a meal yesterday," said a Salina woman to a tramp the other day.

"Lady," said the tramp, "I am here because your pies are like my mother used to make."

He got another hand-out.

Insinuation.

The new boarder had passed up his cup for the third time.

"You seem to be rather fond of coffee, Mr. Newman," remarked the landlady.

"Yes," he replied, "otherwise I wouldn't swallow so much hot water in order to get a taste of it."

A Drop of Irish.

The wife of a wealthy Irish contractor of Kansas City, who was traveling abroad, was ever watchful lest her speech betray her Celtic origin. On one occasion she was heard to say that, while she had visited Vesuvius, it was her regret that she had not seen the "creature."

A Sad Fate.

Anxious Father—I saw our darling daughter in the street to-day, and she looked very unhappy—miserable, in fact; only married a month, too.

Sympathetic Mother—Yes, I noticed the poor dear. I'm afraid her husband snores.

The Servant's Excuse.

"Jane, I can hardly believe my eyes. You are making the bread without washing your hands."

"Well, ma'am, what's the difference? It's only brown bread."

Transformed.

'Twas by the sea he first began
Her many charms to doubt;
Fresh she appeared on going in—
But salt as she came out.

Flower vs. Flour.

"What is your national flower?" queried the foreigner.

"It's a fine powder made from wheat," replied the American.

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Imaginary Art.

Little Willie—Say, papa, what are freaks of fancy?

Pa—The pictures you see on the outside of a dime museum, my son.

More Realistic.

"Do I look daggers at the villain?" asked the heroine.

"No," answered the author of the melodrama, "you look hatpins."

Strenuous Reminder.

The bells of midnight rang, the watch-dog yawned and the moon crept down behind the pines.

"Darling," he whispered, softly, "I hate to go. I feel that Dan Cupid is sitting upon yon tree.'

"Dan Cupid?" echoed the sensible girl. "You are way off. That is dad with a bucket of water, waitin' to see if you allow the clock to strike again."

And the young man said he thought it was time to go.

Moriarty's Love Tap.

Friend—What's become of Moriarty?

Policeman McClarrah—Poor Moriarty! He was the most effective man on the force; but he's gone now—dead, and 'wud be buried only we cudn't find him.

"My! My! What happined him?"

"A foreign-lookin' fellow was slow to move on, when Moriarty told him, so he fetched the spalpeen a lick wid his club—just a tap on the head, ye know. Och, sad was the day! The fellow had a bomb in his hat."

Pompeii's Pathetic End.

Lady(at bookstore)— I want to get a good novel to read on the train—something rather pathetic.

Salesman—Let me see. . . . How would "The Last Days of Pompeii" do?

Lady—Pompeii? I never heard of him. What did he die of?

Salesman—I am not quite sure ma'am—some kind of an eruption, I've heard.

Base Insinuations.

"Mr. Upp," said the merchant sternly, to Adam Upp, his bookkeeper, "I saw you at the baseball game yesterday. When you asked me to let you off for the afternoon you said you were going to a funeral."

"That's so," replied the bookkeeper, "and I'm pretty near a prophet, ain't I? Did you ever see a slower game in your life?"

Managing a Boy.

Husband, a Literary Man—I wish you would stop watching Dick for awhile.

Wife—But if I don't watch him he'll be in mischief.

"Yes, that's what I mean. When he's in mischief he's quiet, and I want to write."

Sure to Please.

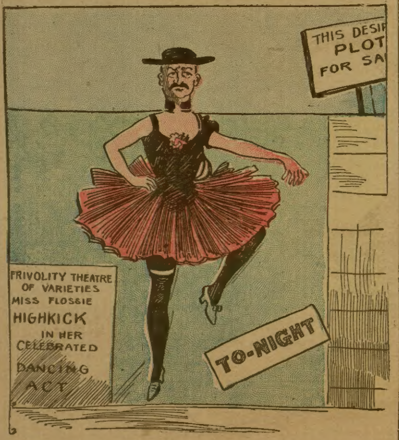
Miss Jinks—Oh, you must see the photographs I had taken at Cameron & Co.'s. They're splendid.

Miss Winks—I knew they'd be good. Camera & Co. have the finest retoucher in the city.

No More Youngsters.

Visitor, to Mama—I have some sad news for you, my dear; your doctor, Mr. Crushbone, died this morning.

Jimmy—One of six—Then we sha'n't have any more babies, ma, shall we?



Mr. Stiggons, the minister who is examining a site for a new church, cannot understand why, when he stopped to look into the street over that billboard, everybody seemed to regard him as a kind of freak and smiled violently. It happened that the billboard was being taken down and they had just removed the top few planks with this result.

Disappointed.

Wedderly—What's wrong, old man? You look as if you had been disappointed in love.

Singleton—You have said it.

Wedderly—Oh, well, don't let a little thing like that worry you. It might be worse.

Singleton—I don't see how it could. The girl I am engaged to insists on facing the parson with me.

The Morning Nap.

Lives there a man who has not said,
"Tomorrow I'll get out of bed
At six o'clock and get things done
Before the setting of the sun."
Lives there a man who has not said
At six a. m., "How good this bed
Does feel," and snored till after eight,
Then wondered how he slept so late.

A Shrewd Pickpocket.

A couple of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some distance with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office.

"What shall we do now?" asked one.

"Wait for the lawyer," said the other.

Those Pigeonholed Manuscripts.

Magazine Editor—This is a grand article; noble, glorious! By some renowned writer, isn't it?

Assistant—No, sir; but one Tom Hayseed, of Hayseedville. Shall I send it back?

Editor—No, it's too good to lose. Put it away until he becomes famous.

Vital Question.

"Let me tell you how to keep the house on $10 a week," began the local economist.

"Nonsense," replied the practical man. "The house don't eat. Tell me how to keep my family on $10 a week and I will listen to you."

Too Much Method.

Hicks—My wife is very methodical. She's always got a place for everything and everything in its place.

Wicks—So has mine, but I can never find the place.

Left Her Much.

A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying:

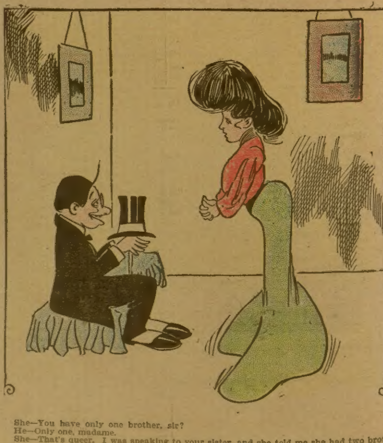
"Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply.

Changeable Jinks.

"What sort of a man is Jinks?"

"The impression you get of Jinks depends on the circumstances under which you meet him, but if you're there to pay money he seems a lovely character."



She—You have only one brother, sir?
He—Only one, madame.
She—That's queer. I was speaking to your sister, and she told me she had two brothers.

JOLLITY
WEIRE

Gentle Hint.

Staylate—Yes, I'm on the go all day long now.

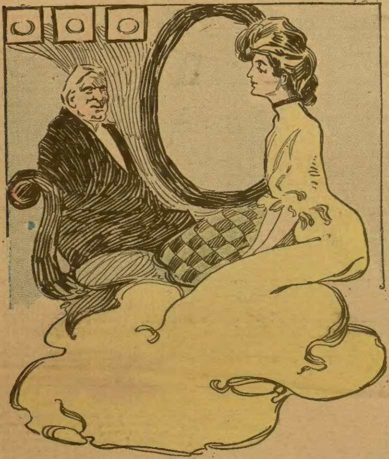
Miss Wearyun—I suppose that's your excuse for being on the stay at night.

She's a Snake-Charmer.

Hicks—Some men are lucky. There's Boozer, for instance; he's married just the right woman to comfort and soothe him.

Wicks—What is she—a snake charmer?

LOVE OF WHAT?



When a girl of two and twenty
  Weds a fellow rich and old,
It is love that prompts her action—
  Never mind what you've been told—
But it's true that more than likely
  It is only love of gold.

Why He Likes Old Songs.

Miss Skreecher—What sort of songs do you like best, Mr. Suphrer?

Mr. Suphrer—The songs of the seventeenth century.

Miss S.—How odd! Why do you prefer them?

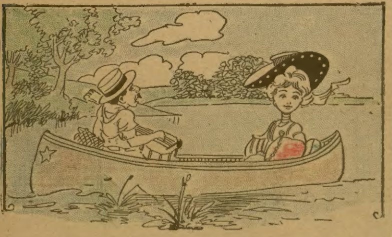
Mr. S.—Because nobody ever sings 'em nowadays.

Facts in the Case.

"They charge an awful price for board here, don't they?" remarked the new arrival at the summer hotel.

"Oh, it isn't for the board—that is below the free-lunch standard," replied the man who had been up against it for a week, "but they charge an awful lot for the air and scenery."

GETTING CLOSE.



Eva—I see they are going to prohibit women from wearing wild bird feathers. Are you against feathers in a hat?

Jack—I'd like to be, right now!

Imitation.

Eva—Yes, when he proposed he spoke in sugared words. But I found out afterward they were not real.

Edna—Perhaps they were only glucose words, dear.

An Extraordinary Woman.

"Yes, sir, my wife is a most extraordinary woman. When I proposed to her, what do you think she said?"

"'This is so sudden,' of course."

"No, sir, she said, 'I expected this.'"

Classified.

They had decided to call the different decks on the monster greyhound after American cities.

"This deck will be a great place for lounging," said the owner. "What name shall we give it?"

"'Philadelphia,'" announced the marine press agent without hesitation.

"And this one will be the smoking deck."

"Call it 'Pittsburg,' sir."

"While up here will be a deck where one may enjoy his stein and take in the sea winds at the same time!"

"Enjoy his stein? Ah, call that deck 'Milwaukee,' and please everybody."

Called.

The waning moon peeped through the old parlor window, but still he lingered. After a long silence his eyes roamed to the cuckoo clock above the sofa.

"Ah, darling," he whispered, "do you see that clock? Every hour the little bird comes out and says 'Coo-coo.'"

The weary girl yawned.

"He will have a variation on the next call,' she said, acridly.

"And what will the variation be, my love?"

"Skidoo."

Without another word he took his hat and cane and disappeared in the dark night.

Curiosities of Law

Meek-looking Gent—What's the matter, my good man?

Irate Stranger—I'm going to have that woman arrested. She inveigled a dollar out of me on false pretenses.

"Can you arrest a woman for that?"

"Yes, siree!"

"My! my! Law is a curious thing. Why, a regular fury of a woman inveigled me into marrying her, by false pretences—pretended she was an angel—and the law not only won't let me arrest her, but makes me support her."

A Bad Case of Sabbath-Breaking.

On a recent Monday morning the pastor of a church in Virginia was the recipient of a basket of strawberries brought to him by a little girl of the parish.

"Thank you very much, my dear," said the minister. "These berries are as fine as any I've ever seen. I hope, however, that you did not gather them yesterday—the Sabbath."

"No, sir," replied the child. "I pulled 'em early this mornin', but they was a-growin' all day yesterday."

Mean of Him.

The red moon reflected on the breakers as they dashed against the dark rocks.

"Oh, the foam!" cried the poetical girl with rapture in her voice. "The oceans of foam! Where did you ever see so much foam before?"

The young man chuckled reminiscently.

"In Milwaukee!" he whispered, gleefully. "In dear old Milwaukee."

And the poetical girl refused to speak to him again for an hour.

Good Bait.

Gussie Gunn—Miss Tabasco is going trout fishing this morning."

Jack Dashing—Yes, and she wants you to go along.

Gussie Gunn—Me? I am delighted! But I wonder why she is so anxious for me to go?

Jack Dashing—Because she says you are a little fly.

The Ruling Passion.

St. Peter, kindly—Enter.

Fair Spirit—hesitating—Did Mrs. De Fashion go in here?

"No. She went to the other place."

"Oh! Beg pardon for troubling you. Which way was it?"

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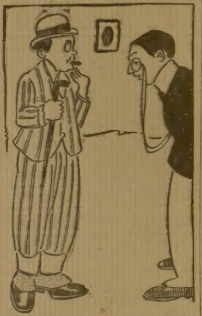
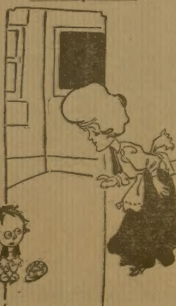


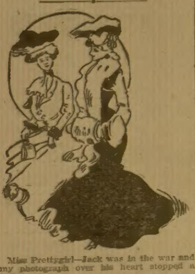
Chappeigh—You're never going out in that suit. You'll make a spectacle of yourself.

Cholly—Come with me, old chap, and we'll be a pair of spectacles.



Teacher—Johnnie, how dare you come to school with such a dirty face?

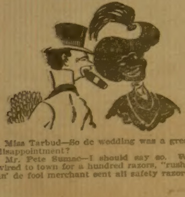
Johnnie—Why—er—I guess de wash I give it day 'fore yesiddy's worn off!



Miss Prettygirl—Jack was in the war and my photograph over his heart stopped a bullet.

Miss Uglimugg—And Tom placed my photograph on the mantlepiece and stopped the clock.

Bad Blunder.



Miss Tarbud—So de wedding was a great disappointment?

Mr. Pete Sumac—I should say so. We wired to town for a hundred razors, "rush," an' de fool merchant sent all safety razors.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER;

Or, The Shadows of Despair.

By CONSTANCE BEATRICE WILLARD.

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CHAPTER XV.

AN AWAKENING SOUL.

The beautiful American had become the fashion, and she never lacked admirers, for not only did she have in her train many distinguished men, but the two most eligible nobles in the United Kingdom, Lord Kingston and the Duke of Barminster. Lord Hampdon, who had long ago given up his ill-starred daughter as dead, hoped that Leighton would find solace in this lovely woman, although he was puzzled at times by the Duke's strange manner. Lord Kingston was plainly jealous, for he felt that the Duke, under the circumstances, which had been related to him, had no right to pay court to any woman.

The general public said that the Duke would win, for it believed that an American girl cannot resist a title, and the higher the better. Still those who knew Geraldine Knowlton, would have been surprised by her utter lack of any ambition. The Duke one night, as he sat by her side in a palm-sheltered balcony overlooking the dancing hall in one of the exclusive houses in London, found that she was very simple in her tastes and desires, although she was gorgeously dressed, as always. She wore a robe of some thin, gauzy material, white as snow, upon which was embroidered a wonderful design in pearls, the flowers all having diamond centers. In the wonderful, white hair gleamed diamonds, softened with pearls, and her hands, always ungloved, were loaded down with rings, either diamonds, pearls or opals.

He did not pay any attention to the beautiful garments, however, but bent his dark eyes upon the face, and quietly led the conversation to matters of the past, at last asking:

"From what part of America do you come, Miss Knowlton?"

She smiled in a quiet way, but a little hesitatingly, as she did everything as though not being sure of herself, which taken in conjunction with her white hair, was very remarkable, and said gently:

"We live in New York, but I was born in California. My mines are in that state."

"New York? I see; and that is why your accent is not different from ours."

"Is it?" she asked, questioningly.

"Yes. Indeed, when I first met you I was sure you were an Englishwoman," the Duke said, earnestly.

"I am not," she said with quiet sincerity.

"So I understand."

"Though I do not know why I am speaking this way to you, I do not remember my life in the West," she said, almost excitedly.

"Do not remember? Why, Miss Knowlton, I cannot understand you!" cried the Duke, leaning forward.

"Just this. My father has told me never to mention it, but I know you are my friend."

"Indeed I am," replied the Duke.

"Yes, I feel it. I had a terrible sickness. All my hair was taken off and it came out snow-white as you see. For a time I could remember nothing, then I realized who I am, and gradually everything came back to me, except my past," and she sighed.

"That must be terrible."

"It is. I move like one in a dream. Of all those whom I have met you alone give me peace," and she raised her eyes with such an expression in them that even the Duke, who was not the least vain of men, purged as he was by his terrible sorrow, could not mistake. The beautiful American was in love with him.

Gently and kindly he said, his voice shaking a little with inward feeling:

"My dear Miss Knowlton, I wish you would consider me your true friend, and let me help you whenever you need sympathy and devotion. My own life has not been a happy one, and I long to receive some sympathy myself, as well as give it."

The sweet, tender eyes filled with tears, and with the first impulsive action he had ever seen in her, the lovely girl laid her little hand on his, saying softly:

"I thought I had no sympathy in my heart; that my illness had washed it from me, as it did my memory, but I have; you have restored that to me," but she did not notice how pale the Duke had become, nor how he had started when she laid her little hand on his. Just as she did it, so had the poor girl he had so cruelly wronged done it again and again during the two months they had spent together.

Before the noble Duke laid his dark head upon his pillow, he dispatched a telegram addressed to the detective working for him, worded as follows:

"Drop everything and come to London at once.

"Barminster."

CHAPTER XVI.

SCRAPS.

A stately looking woman, with snow-white hair, walked back and forth, her rosy-palmed hands clasped back of her neck, her beautiful face almost distorted, as she asked herself again and again:

"Does he love me? Does he love me?"

A sad-faced man, listening, clenched his teeth, and bit his lips until they bled, for he knew full well of whom she was speaking.

The Duke of Barminster was also pacing the floor, two images ever before his eyes, one the ever present one of his wife, the other of the American beauty, with whom he was seen so often. His lips muttered words, but nothing could be distinguished. Whatever was troubling him he kept to himself.

Not very far away, another nobleman was trying to solve a difficult problem, but as he banged about his bedroom, Lord Kingston was more than half in jest, although angry at his failure with the new beauty:

"By Gad, am I always to be beaten by that man?" he asked himself, and it was evident he meant the Duke of Barminster.

Still another was uneasy this night, and that was a black-haired girl, and from her loving heart came tears that smarted and burned. For years her heart had been given to one who did not appreciate it, and she was frightfully unhappy.

Oh, little god of love, you have much to answer for as you pass through the world, wounding first one then another, never caring where your arrows speed! You are small, but mighty, and those who are victims may well beware.

White-haired woman, and black-haired girl, noble, gloomy Duke and Eearl half in earnest, you all are suffering from the same disease, and King Cupid is to blame.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MOTHER'S SHREWD DIPLOMACY.

"And you think her beautiful?"

"That I do."

"But that white hair with the young face is positively grotesque."

"My dear Bettie!"

"Mamma it's no use saying that, I do not admire the 'American Beauty' as she is called, and I believe I am a bit jealous of her," and Lady Bettie Ainsworth tossed her dark curls and laughed a little bitterly. She had been presented at the May drawing-room, and had eagerly looked forward to a delightful season. Lord Ainsworth's property adjoined that of Lord Kingston, and the young girl had hoped that the man she had seen about his estates, would return the love she had cherished in secret, with all the romantic ardor of a first passion.

Beautiful as she surely was, with her dark, dancing, black eyes, her cloud of fluffy hair of the same color, and her exquisite Spanish coloring, dainty as she could not help being with her tiny, graceful figure, so beautifully proportioned, she soon found that he appeared to have eyes for no one else but the mysterious Miss Knowlton, and Lady Bettie became jealous.

Her mother, Lady Gertrude, Countess of Ainsworth, sighed as she heard her daughter declare her jealousy. She knew very well the reason for it. She understood the ache of the young girl's heart. Such an ache she had experienced when her cousin, a penniless younger son, had gone to India with his regiment, and she married Lord Ainsworth. The ache was still there, although Harry Summerville had married and both she and he had grown children. A first love is not easily wiped out. Certain perfumes; the Blue Danube waltz and an officer's uniform, brought back all the old pain, although twenty-five years had passed since Harry had held her in his arms and kissed away her fast falling tears, trying to encourage her and make their eternal farewell less bitter. She could sympathise with her daughter, but she wished that her youngest and favorite might have been spared.

"Perhaps many are attracted solely by her peculiar beauty, for, dear, she is beautiful, although you and I may not quite admire that style," the Countess said, gravely.

"Perhaps," Lady Bettie said, tossing her head and trying to look indifferent.

"I am going out in the row this morning, will you come with me?" the Countess continued, trying to look as unconcerned as her daughter. Mother and daughter often rode in the fashionable thoroughfare, attracting considerable attention, for the Countess, although a quarter of a century had passed since she bade goodby to love and true happiness, and she had given birth to five children, was as slender and graceful as ever and looked remarkably well on a horse.

Lady Bettie raised her eyes, which would look weary in spite of all her efforts, and said gently:

"No, mamma, I think I will stay home and rest. This fashionable pace is almost too much for me," and she sighed.

The Countess said nothing more, but kissed her daughter very tenderly, and rode off at a brisk pace, but her mind was busy, and she decided upon a course of action, which, while distasteful, she believed was the best she could adopt.

"Lord Kingston is a gentleman," she thought, and while she was musing, she met that nobleman, mounted upon a superb horse, which he sat as only an Englishman can.

Lord Kingston was feeling woefully out of sorts. He had witnessed a part of the scene between the Duke and Geraldine Knowlton the night before, and as the American laid her hand upon the Duke's, he felt that there was no use in his hanging about her any longer.

"Barminster beats me every time," he muttered, and now he felt bitterly out of sorts. His heart was very lonely, and he felt as though in spite of his youth, health, money and title, he was much to be pitied. At that moment the Countess met him, and immediately opened her campaign.

"Lord Kingston, I have wanted so much to see you," she said cordially, giving him her hand.

The young nobleman bent over the daintily gloved hand, saying heartily:

"It does me good to know that some one wanted to see me, Countess."

"Why, is the world dark to you?" she asked, hoping that it was.

"I'm a little hipped. This bally old round is getting a bit stale, and I think I'll cut it soon."

"We all feel it, Lord Kingston, in a more or less degree. I have felt so for twenty-five long years."

"You, Countess, the life of every place you go?" asked the young man in astonishment.

"Yes, I, and if you can spare me a few moments, I will tell you why," and then she poured into his ears her own sad, little, love story. It was the first time in all those years that she had spoken of it, and it was a terrible effort for her to do so. When she finished, the merry brown eyes of Lord Kingston were filled with tears.

"My dear Countess," he murmured.

"You will wonder why I burden you in this way, but I have an object. Lord Kingston, I have a daughter, the only one of my children who is like me. She is very much like what I was when my life was blasted by my unfortunate love story."

"Lady Bettie," he said gently.

"Yes, my dear little Bettie," and the Countess paused.

"She is very sweet and lovely," Lord Kingston said cordially.

"Do you really think so?" the Countess asked eagerly.

"Certainly, who could help feeling her charm," cried the young man, remembering the vivacious girl with her expuisite coloring.

The mother's voice trembled so she could scarcely speak, as she said in a low tone:

"Lord Kingston, I have opened my heart to you, and let you see how terrible it is for a woman to go through life with a love eating into her soul. You can imagine how awful it would be to me to have my favorite daughter repeat my unfortunate history?"

"To be sure."

"I am only a mother now. I have ceased to remember rank or proper pride. I speak to you as I would to some one walking upon the beach if my daughter were drowning."

"Yes?" asked the young man, who wondered with all his heart what the Countess was driving at with all this preliminary talk. Not for an instant did the truth come to him, for he was not at all vain, and just now he felt singularly downcast, with a mighty poor opinion of himself.

"I appeal to you, Lord Kingston."

"To me, why, and what for?"

The Countess paused. To the day of her death she was to feel the agony of this moment. The sun was bright and warm, but she was shivering, and her face looked drawn and old, as she almost whispered:

"Lord Kingston, Bettie loves you, and I cannot have her life blighted."

Lord Kingston drew up short:

"With me?" he cried.

"Yes, with you. I am betraying her cruelly, but unless I did something, my girl would have a heart like mine, and it does ache so cruelly. She is sweet, gentle and lovely, and she loves you my boy. If you love no one else, I wish you would try and turn your affections towards her. I am groveling in the very dust in speaking this way, but I am doing it for my daughter," and a tone of pride came into the lonely woman's voice.

Lord Kingston was struggling with conflicting emotions. Suddenly he realized that his passion for Vivian had long ago become but a haunting memory, and that his sudden attraction toward Geraldine Knowlton was only temporary, killed by her own action the night before. To his surprise he found himself heart-free, and the thought that he was not so distasteful as he had been thinking himself was very sweet, so as the Countess finished her pitiful speech, he turned to her, saying gravely:

"My dear Lady Ainsworth, believe me, I am sure you have exaggerated a kind interest on the part of Lady Bettie, but if you will be kind enough to allow me, I will be proud to be admitted to your house as a friend, and if I can, at a future day, win the love of a girl like Lady Bettie, it will be a never ending source of joy to me. May I return with you?" and so, in the most delicate manner, Lord Kingston acceeded to the desperate plea made by the mother, and yet made it appear he was but following his own inclination. Lady Ainsworth appreciated this gentle courtesy, and smiled up at him through tears which would gather. She felt fully repaid, however, when she saw the roses bloom in her daughter's cheeks, when she came into the morning room, followed by Lord Kingston, who seemed delighted to see Lady Bettie. Hearts can be caught upon the rebound, and this loving mother had not only saved her daughter a life of unhappiness, but [illegible] Lord Kingston just when he was [illegible] desperate from loneliness and sel[illegible]

He wanted to forget the mystery surrounding the beautiful American, but there was one who could not. He never forgot or stopped, but kept on trying to solve the problem, his heart ever faithful to his first real, true, honorable love, his wife.

The days dragged by, but a slight hope was slowly dawning for the Duke of Barminster. He was faint-heartedly hoping that there was still a chance for some happiness for him, and was eagerly awaiting the arrival of his detective. In the meanwhile Lord Kingston was ardently courting Lady Bettie Ainsworth, and the world noticed, gossiped and wagged its head, and Lady Bettie was madly happy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GIRL'S HEART

"If you care to listen, Lady Bettie," a man said, hesitatingly.

"I do," came in a low tone from the lips of the dainty little maiden, who would have listened to anything which fell from the lips of Dean Kingston, and it was not because he was a nobleman and a very rich man, but because he was himself the lord of her heart.

"Lady Bettie," he said, hesitatingly, for he hated to begin his story, for fear she would doubt the fervency of his love, which was thoroughly genuine.

"There was a time, when you called me Bettie, and believe me, I do not care for my prefix," she said simply.

The man looked at the girl as they sat in the shaded library with the sweet fragrance of roses about them, for the room was beautifully decorated with them by Lady Bettie's artistic fingers. She seemed like a wonderful, dark red rose, herself, fragrant, lovely, with a passionate nature which when stirred was capable of untold devotion.

"Bettie, then, and I'm glad to say it, for it gives me hopes that you will let me call you something else," Lord Kingston said, earnestly, and to do him credit, as he felt his heart go out to this sweet girl, he had more and more doubted the truth of her mother's deductions, and this morning as he sat with her, he felt very uncertain as to her answer.

Lady Bettie said nothing. It was only by a strong effort she controlled her trembling hands and voice, for she so feared that she was not reading his words aright, and that there was to be no happiness for her.

"My dear Bettie, some years ago I met a girl, who was beautiful, but very sad. Her whole nature seemed above ordinary matters, and through that melancholy she attracted me. In time I fancied I was madly in love with her, but it was with the woman I thought she was, for I afterwards discovered that she was all the while secretly married." Noble hearted Lord Kingston! Not even to his own love would he betray the sweet, mad story of Vivian.

"When I discovered that she was a wife, my infatuation vanished, although I pitied her [illegible]."

"Then it was not a happy marriage?" Lady Bettie asked. By intuition she knew who this girl was, whose sweet, sad beauty had won her the devotion of Lord Kingston.

"Very. I cannot in honor tell even you all her history; you will not ask me?"

"No. Tell me what you wish."

"Not what I wish, but what I dare. My honor is bound up in this affair," he said, sadly, his thoughts going back to the time when he had learned of poor Vivian's secret, and heard that she whom they had all regarded as a young girl had been so cruelly treated by one who would have guarded her as he did his own life.

"Then, when this wonderful American Beauty came upon the scene, I began to dangle, but I soon found that a duke is a bigger prize than I, and I found that even in her beauty and placidity there was something sadly lacking. She is tender, sweet and good, while her wonderful combination of girlish freshness and snow-white hair is fascinating, but Bettie, she is like a woman in a dream. There is no life in her. Such a woman would drive a man like me mad with resentment. I have felt a wild desire, while talking with her, to stick a pin in her to see if she is real flesh and blood. Only with the Duke of Barminster does she seem to have the least animation."

Lady Bettie was listening, a charming blush came upon her cheeks, and she said eagerly.

"I have felt the same way about her Others call her beautiful, but there is something uncanny to me in her white hair."

"And to me, too. Suddenly, like a burst of sunshine, a new interest came into my life. I began to realize that while I was running off after false ideals, right by my side, almost, there was growing to delightful womanhood the dearest girl in the world. I thought of the days in the past, when, before she had met other men and learned how delightful they can be, I might have [illegible] some impression upon her. Bettie, I love you. Darling I do love you," he was leaning forward, his brown eyes aglow with the light of true love, "and I want you for my dear wife," he had both her hands now and was gazing with delight into her changing face, where he read with mad joy his answer

Lady Bettie struggled for a moment, then asked, as she raised her eyes to his face:

'Are you sure?'

"Sure? Well, you can just bet I'm jolly sure this time," and his arms closed about her and his lips pressed hers. For an instant she lay, oh, so calmly, in his arms, the dearest resting place in all the world, then she drew herself away.

"What is it dearest?" he asked, his voice trembling with emotion.

"I have something to confess, Dean," she said, her voice halting entrancingly over his name, for which he kissed her again.

"Well, what is it, sweetheart?" he asked, rapturously. He had never before realized how sweet a fresh young girl's lips are.

"Dean, dear, I have loved you for so long I can't remember when my love com[illegible]" she said, blushing up into the roots of her [illegible].

"D[illegible]" [illegible] delighted [illegible] with [illegible].

"W[illegible] to those days you mentioned [illegible] she nestled her head [illegible].

"W[illegible] dear."

"You spoke about other men, Dean, they have been as so many shadows; the only real figure was yours. I have danced about a ballroom with my heart so heavy I thought it would break of woe, because I loved you so, and yet I could not tell you, but must sit and smile, and when you came to ask me for a dance pretended that I didn't much care, although more than once I deliberately broke engagements to dance with you."

"My precious little darling!" and the man's voice was very tender. He felt as though he was entering something very sacred, the innermost recesses of a girl's pure, young heart.

"I have turned faint with jealousy when I saw you with the American [illegible], and then I would remember what I [illegible] about your other devotion [illegible] I have cried [illegible] to sleep many a night, never thinking that I could win you. Dean, remember my life depends upon your true reply, do you really and truly love me?" and there [illegible] agony in her dark eyes

"Listen, darling," Lord Kingston replied, "I am not one to act falsely in any respect, nor to say a thing I do not mean, so you can believe me when I tell you truthfully that I have never really and truly loved any woman until now. I have fancied myself in love a good many times, but being in love is very different from loving. I think you can trust even your noble, dear heart to me, and be sure that I will never cause it one instant's pain, if I can help it," and his kiss was so infinitely tender, that Lady Bettie knew that he was speaking the truth, and that she had gained her heart's desire, the love of the one man in all the world to her, Dean, Lord Kingston

"Tell me, sweet, how far back does your love go?" he asked tenderly

Lady Bettie laughed her merry laugh, as she replied blushing:

"I honestly believe to the day when I told you I was going to marry you when I grew up," she admitted.

"Bless you, that was when you were nothing but a baby, but I remember that you said that you thought I was [illegible]" and Lord Kingston's laugh was as merry as hers.

"Did I?" she asked innocently enough, although her joy danced in her eyes.

"Bettie! Do you mean to say that you do not remember?" Lord Kingston cried in playful anger.

Bettie grinned, then said very soberly:

"I have never forgotten anything connected with you, dear," and after that, of course he had to kiss her again.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW A MAN'S SIN IS PUNISHED.

Two men sat in the exclusive Antlers, one of them being one of the club's members, the other his guest. They were discussing an excellent luncheon, and the elder man, who was the guest, was evidently enjoying it. His companion was only trifling with his food, his dark eyes filled with a sorrow which never ceased.

That very morning the Duke of Barminster, who according to the world had everything the world could give, had awakened with a woman's cry in his ears, the cry of his lost Vivian. He sprang from his bed, his nerves all unstrung. Once more he could see the lovely girl as he had met her, so innocent and pure, in the field of lilies, her sweet face raised to heaven, against whom he had sinned so terribly. His mind ran over their dear life together, when she had proven the most perfect wife a man could know. All this had been killed at one fell blow. He could imagine the awful effect the knowledge of her position must have had, for she did not know then, nor probably had she ever, that by common law she was his wife, as she was before God.

With white face and set lips, he had kept his engagement with the father of the beautiful Geraldine Knowlton, and as he sat facing him, he wondered what that honest appearing man would say if he knew that the young peer was so frightful a scoundrel.

Jared Knowlton talked away, showing, however, very little of the American, as the untraveled Englishman pictures him.

"I was born in Kansas," he said gruffly, but I have spent some years in England off and on. My daughter's wealth comes from gold mines in California. I was induced to invest the money in those mines when they were practically worthless. I had faith in them, and I put the stock in her name. Bless her, she is a very rich woman now, and the sweetest a man ever knew," and his eyes searched the worn face before him very closely.

This man had been very busy tracing the history of the Duke of Barminster, but he had not discovered that sweet, terribly sad story on one of the pages of the Duke's book of life. But few knew it, and their lips were sealed.

"Miss Knowlton is a lovely girl," the Duke said, slowly

Mr. Knowlton pushed back his plate, and said with a sternness, which was usually unknown to him:

"See her, young man, I like you personally, and I suppose I ought to bow to your title, although I don't, for I have enough American in my breast to believe that an honest man is the best after all," and he paused significantly.

The Duke of Barminster paused a moment, raised his wine glass to his lips, drained it, then asked quietly:

"And this is the prelude to what, Mr. Knowlton?"

The elder man also drained his glass before speaking, then said with added sternness:

"Your Grace," but was interrupted by the Duke who said

"Cut that out, Knowlton, as you Americans say. You don't respect my title, [illegible] I much prefer [illegible] my old name of Leighton Flemish [illegible] wished many times to God that I had it again, instead of the one I have inherited."

The stern expression on the face of the American faded a little, and his voice was more natural, as he asked quietly

"Yet, Barminster, as Leighton Flemish you were not nearly as much of a man as you are as the Duke of Barminster. I have been going a bit into the past, you see."

"You're right, but if I'm more of what a man ought to be, it is not because of any specially good traits in my character, but because of a woman."

"You have not known her long enough," Knowlton, said hastily.

"I did not know her long," the Duke replied, misunderstanding him, "but it was long enough to make me love her for life and through eternity. I will never recover from the blow her loss occasioned," he continued, for he thought that in some way the American had discovered this story. All [illegible] faded into insignificance in his mind. He had done wrong before, but never so [illegible] a one as that perpetuated upon poor, trusting little Vivian, so naturally his thoughts flew to that.

Mr. Knowlton sat like one transfixed The Duke spoke like a man who had suffered in a way that took away his life blood.

"I never expect to be happy again," he said, simply

The American could find nothing to say. He had expected to be asked for Geraldine at this luncheon, and was fortified with a thousand reasons why he should say no, and here he discovered that the Duke had no notion of marrying her, but was evidently nourishing a love for one who had vanished.

"I wanted to ask you some questions about your daughter," [illegible] "but you have already [illegible]"

"Some questions that I have answered," the man said with astonishment, "[illegible] mistaken."

"No, you have told me what I wanted to know," with a wan smile.

Knowlton drew his chair a little closer, and said impressively:

"My friend, for I'm beginning to like you, [illegible] at cross purposes with me. I accepted your invitation with the idea of being asked a question or two, but not of the kind you have put forth."

Barminster turned a shade paler, as he asked a little unsteadily:

"What were they"

"Can't you guess"

"I hope not."

"I'll tell you then, young man. You have been dancing attendance upon my daughter. Your names have been connected together in a way I do not like."

"Impossible"

"True enough, ask any of your acquaintances. She has passed through a terrible illness, which has singularly affected her as you see by her snow-white hair."

"Yes, but man——"

"Wait. When I saw that she was turning towards you, I set the best detectives to work, and have discovered some pretty bad things about you in your earlier life, such things as would in my mind unfit you to become the husband of any one, and especially of my daughter"

"Why especially of her?" the Duke asked, his head resting wearily upon his hand. Once more he could hear that wild cry in Vivian's sweet voice.

"Because she is so delicate, so helpless. That fever has left her very dependent upon those she loves."

"[illegible]" the Duke said in a low voice.

"I do not want her to marry anyone, at [illegible] at present, and I certainly could not permit her to become your wife on account of your past. That would be likely to come up at any time to worry her," and there was [illegible] expression on Mr. Knowlton's [illegible] he brought his fist down with considerable force upon the table.

The Duke of Barminster raised his head. Some of the old haughty [illegible] of Leighton Flemish was in his heart. It struck his pride to have his hand refused before he had offered it, then his better nature prevailed, and he recognized the fatherly love which made the man before him refuse what to most men would be almost irresistable

Stretching out his white hand, adorned with the priceless diamond ring of his ducal family, Barminster said heartily:

"My friend, you are more than right. I am not fit to be the husband of any one, but there is another reason why I could not marry, can never until I know for a certainty, and even then I fear my heart can only hold one image, that of the woman I adore," and he sighed so deeply that Knowlton was impressed, but he only asked:

"And that other reason?"

"While I do not know whether my wife is living or dead, I am a married man," was the quiet reply.

"And you pass yourself off as unmarried," cried the indignant father.

"I think it is your due to know all this miserable story, to learn how a man's sin can be punished beyond human endurance, and how impossible it is for me to even think of another," then the Duke of Barminster, never sparing himself, told the terrible story. He pictured his child-wife, the golden-haired Vivian; told how he had won her, and of their ideal life together. Then he spoke of the terrible morning when he had returned to find her gone, and her pitiful letter, which was burned on his heart.

"She wrote it with her life blood," he whispered, and Jared Knowlton knew that the man spoke the truth.

He then told of the wonderful accession of Lord Hampdon to his title, the restoration of Vivian upon the acknowledgement of the secret marriage.

When he reached that portion of the story, Jared Knowlton said, in almost the same words as those of Andrews, so long ago:

"Like mother, like daughter."

"Yes, but the mother is now a queen of society, and my darling is either a wanderer upon the face of the earth or lies in an unnamed, pauper's grave," and tears stood in the eyes, once filled with an unholy passion for the innocent victim of his wickedness

Suddenly he was interrupted. One of the servants of the club approached, bearing a waiter, on which was a card Barminster took up the card, read the name, then said [illegible]

"Mr. Knowlton, you are a man of the [illegible] Stay and help me I telegraphed to my detective. It seems he was across the [illegible] and has just arrived."

"Your detective?"

"Yes, the man I have [illegible] to discover my wife, is she still living."

CHAPTER XX.

THE DARK SHADOWS DISAPPEAR.

The Duke asked for a private room. [illegible] he received the detective, who had done him such signal service, although he had not succeeded. To his regret he could report nothing definite. After he had told what he knew, just as he had before, he said gravely

"Your Grace, I obtained a slight trace which seemed to point toward the United States, but I went on a fool's chase I fear that your wife has vanished beyond recall."

The American had listened intently, but at last he asked slowly

"Have you any picture of your wife?"

The Duke took from his pocket one taken of poor Vivian after she had suffered so greatly.

Knowlton looked at it for a long time, then he said slowly

"Your Grace, I too, have a story to tell. I was born in Kansas, the son of very poor people, but with instincts way above my station My mother was an Englishwoman who had thrown herself away upon my father, and she encouraged me. As soon as she could send me, I came to England, and after struggles, such as it is useless to speak of, I became a very successful manufacturer, turning out a large [illegible] hand-painted china"

The detective and Barminster both looked [illegible]

"[illegible] turning to the detective, "of having discovered that the Duchess did work for a wholesale firm, painting china. I had an employe who [illegible] Smith. Through a series of circumstances [illegible] young girl interested me. I discovered that I loved her dearly, and when [illegible] injured in an accident, I adopted her [illegible] England I was known as Joseph Keilner having adopted the name of my maternal grandfather. This Mary Smith was like [illegible] infant, and so dearly did I love her that I resolved to bring her into a new life. I returned to my own country, invested in California mining stock, which has increased wonderfully, and placed my little charge under the greatest specialists in the world. Her reason was restored, but not her memory. Guided by some inner force, I brought my adopted daughter, whom I had come to love like my own flesh and blood, back here and introduced her into society. Your Grace, you have been attracted by Geraldine Knowlton. There is good reason for that, because," he paused for an instant, "that picture you have shown me is the exact counterpart of my former employe Mary Smith, and I believe, your missing wife.

The Duke of Barminster gazed about him like one bereft, then he cr[illegible] [illegible] reason sent for Sampson, here[illegible]

Half an hour later, the Duke was seated by the side of Geraldine K[illegible] pressed his suit. They agreed that it was better she should not be told anything [illegible] her past, but that she marry the m[illegible] had grown to love, the Duke of Barminster.

She was so lovely, sweet and helpless, that Barminster's heart yearned over her, although he sadly missed the vivacity of the girl he had wronged.

The wedding was a grand one, at which royalty was present. Lord and Lady Kingston knew the truth, as did Lord and Lady Hampdon, but these, with the detective who knew how to hold his tongue, were all who were in the secret.

While he dearly loved his sweet wife, the Duke felt the weight of the punishment heavily upon him, for there was such a terrible difference between the lovely Vivian, with her many changes of expression, and the [illegible] white-haired Duchess, with her never altering placidity.

About a year after their marriage, however, the Duchess gave birth to a son and heir, and then it was that the Duke knew how dearly he loved her, for her life hung in the balance for many hours. She had considerable fever, and her mind wandered strangely. For a week the Angel of Death hung over the ducal residence, then spread his wings and took flight, his arms empty, for lying weak and exhausted on her bed, with her husband's arms about her, the Duchess knew her past, and that she was Vivian, and not Geraldine. Through her motherhood had come back the recollection of her suffering. She forgave Leighton, for she knew how he had paid the price of his sin, and with her recovered reason came such days of happiness, and wonderful to say, her own golden hair. Now she is the belle of her county, but she prefers her own home, her husband and children, for there is a little golden-haired Vivian in the household with the dark-eyed Leighton.

Lady Hampdon seldom visits them, for she cannot forgive the great commotion which the discovery of Vivian's identity awakened, but Lord Hampdon finds perfect rest there, and thoroughly enjoys the society of Jared Knowlton, who provided a refuge for Vivian when the shadows of despair enclosed her.

The end.

Prevalent Decay.

"This," exclaimed the orator, "is a decadent nation. As before the fall of Rome everything was rotten, so today in our erstwhile fair land everything——"

Just here an egg struck him fairly.

His nostrils dilated.

"I desire," he continued, "before retiring to add that this egg is corroborative evidence."

BOY'S
AND
GIRL'S
CORNER

...By...
WILL LISENBEE.

THE WHITE CANOE;

...Or...
THE SPECTRE OF THE LAKE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE CABIN IN THE WOODS.

"Hark! What was that, Ray?"

Lee Morgan bent his head as he spoke and listened intently.

"I didn't hear anything," said Ray. "What was it?"

"I was sure it was the sound of some one calling."

"It is doubtless some wild animal," Ray replied, "but let us go outside and listen."

The two boys got up, opened the door and stepped out into the night.

Darkness was fast settling over the forest, and black in the gathering gloom, the tall pines stood grim and silent against the yellow light which the rising moon was throwing across the eastern horizon.

Through an opening in the pines a long path of shimmering yellow radiance could be seen like a trail of fire across the waters of the Spirit Lake, and far away a patch of black marked the spot where an island rose out of the placid waters.

The September night was cloudless and breathless, and as the boys bent their heads and listened no sound came from the forest save now and then the snapping of a twig or the rustling of dry leaves as some nocturnal prowler crept through the gloom in search of its prey.

"I guess it must have been a wild cat," remarked Lee after a few moments' silence.

"Or the bark of a wolf," said Ray.

The boys reentered the cabin and closed the door. Ray stirred up the fire that smouldered in the fireplace and threw some sticks on it. The crackling flames blazed up, sending a ruddy glow about the interior.

The room was not over twelve feet square. In one corner was a sort of bunk covered with blankets and a buffalo robe. A couple of rifles leaned against the wall, and near the fireplace was a large box which served as a cupboard, while a saddle of venison hung from a joist at the back side of the room.

Ray Donaldson and Lee Morgan had come from their homes twenty-five miles to the east to spend a few months trapping in the vicinity of the Spirit Lake, in Minneesota.

Ray Donaldson was a youth of some eighteen years, of muscular build and with a countenance that revealed an abundance of good nature, yet there was that about his thin lips and firmly set jaws that indicated a strong will. His companion was a year younger, perhaps, of rather slender, yet athletic build. A pair of deep, blue eyes looked from a face tanned by the sun and wind, and there was something about the frank, open countenance of Lee Morgan that won for him many friends.

The cabin in which they had taken up their quarters was one that had probably been erected some years before by some hunter or trapper, and it only needed a little repair to make the most comfortable quarters for the young trappers.

At the time of the opening of our story, nearly a half-century ago, the region around and about the Spirit Lake was sparsely settled, and there was an abundance of game as well as a large variety of fur-bearing animals to be found there. It was not unusual for the poor claim holders to spend the winters in trapping and hunting, though there were often many perils to be encountered both from the wild beasts of the forests and from the treacherous Sioux Indians who frequently made predatory incursions into the very hearts of the settlements.

Realizing the dangers they might encounter in the wild region, the two boys had not come alone. Hy Reeder, an old trapper accompanied them, and as he had spent nearly all his life on the frontier, being familiar with the ways and peculiar character of the Indian, as well as fearless, Ray and Lee felt a sense of security in his presence that they would have been far from feeling had they been by themselves.

In the afternoon Reeder had left the cabin for the purpose of making a reconnaisance of the region lying along the border of the lake, seeking the best places for the traps, and the two boys had been expecting him to return for the last two hours.

"I do wonder what is keeping Reeder," said Ray. "It is now almost eight o'clock."

"Probably he struck the trail of some game and went further than he expected to," replied Lee.

"I was just thinking," said Ray, "that something might have happened to him. You will remember that we saw something in the sand down by the lake this evening that looked very much like a moccasin track."

"I was thinking of that, too, but I do not think the track was made by an Indian. Even were it a moccasin track, it would not be proof that it was made by an Indian. Some of the trappers and hunters wear moccasins."

"Listen! I heard the cry again!" cried Ray.

In a moment the boys had thrown open the door and were outside the cabin again.

As they listened a faint sound reached their ears, a plaintive cry that had an alien sound.

"Why, it came from the lake!" cried Ray.

The boys now turned their eyes in that direction.

For a moment they could see nothing but the shimmering waters of the lake, touched with the rays of the rising moon.

Suddenly Lee uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Look! For heaven's sake, what does that mean?"

As he spoke he pointed toward the lake.

Ray stood gazing in the direction indicated, speechless with wonderment.

It was, indeed, a strange sight that met their gaze. Suddenly, from behind a clump of trees that grew on a small peninsula, there glided a large canoe. It was as white as the driven snow, and standing erect and motionless in the strange craft was a white-draped figure, the sheeny draperies falling in billowy folds about the form and over the canoe—presenting a weird and ghostly aspect, and seeming to be a part of the warp and woof of the lines of gray mist that lay over the waters of the lake.

So great was their astonishment that for a moment neither Ray nor Lee uttered a sound.

The spectral canoe and its ghostly occupant glided swiftly throught the gleaming waters, though there was no sound of paddle nor any sign of motion in the silent figure. As if propelled by some invisible power, the strange apparition glided on till it seemed to melt and fade away in the shadows of the trees that skirted the shore. And as it disappeared, there floated back that faint, plaintive cry that they had heard twice before, tremulous as if vibrating with pain, as it died away into a faint whisper like the murmuring of the wind in the pines

"What was it?" cried Ray, finding voice at last.

But Lee could make no reply and stood gazing in silent wonder into the black shadows where the strange apparition had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

RAY RECEIVES VISITORS.

"What was it, Lee?—What can it mean?" gasped Ray.

Lee shook his head, a puzzled look on his face.

"I'd give a good deal to know," he said, with an involuntary shiver. "The thing, whatever it was, didn't seem to move, yet the canoe was sent through the water as if an experienced and strong hand was at the paddle."

"That is what makes it seem so queer. It looked like a woman, and yet if we should tell any one that we saw such a creature as this going across the lake at night, we'd be laughed at."

"But I happened to git a squint at the thing myself," said a voice, and the boys turned to find Hy Reeder, the old trapper, standing almost at their side.

"Gosh, I'm glad you came when you did!" cried Lee. "And so you got a look at the thing on the lake?"

"Yes, I saw it all right," replied Reeder.

"And what do you think it is?" asked Ray.

"Boys," said the old trapper, "that's what I can't tell. But I have heard of it bein' seen before, though I never thought much about it."

"Is it possible?" cried Lee.

"Thar's been a good many strange things seen about this lake," went on Reeder, "and thar ain't no doubt that thar's some devilment goin' on in this neck o' the woods. But come into the cabin, for I'm hungry as a wolf."

"All right," replied Ray. "We have had supper waiting for you for two hours. What kept you so long? We were afraid you might have met with some accident."

"I took a little turn up the lake and went further than I intended at first," said Reeder, as he entered the cabin, followed by the two boys.

He took a seat at the pine box used for a table, while Ray and Lee brought the coffee and roasted venison which had been left near the fire to keep warm.

"I thought thar might be some red skins hangin' around this neck o' the woods," went on Reeder, as he sipped his coffee, "for I had seen moccasin tracks along the shore of the lake."

"We saw the same thing just a little ways up the lake this evening," said Lee.

"After a tramp of six or seven miles," continued the old trapper, "I came in sight of a small band of Sioux—a dozen or so—camped on a little creek to the north. I didn't show myself, but now that we know they are hyar an' have got them located, we can be on the watch."

"Do you think they are hostile?" asked Lee.

"Not a bit of it," replied Reeder. "But an' Injun is an Injun, an' you can't meck anything else out of a varment. I have found out that a friendly Injun is about as dangerous as one on the war path, for you know what to expect of the one, but the other is mighty onsartin. The only think we need be afraid of is that they may steal our traps or plunder our cabin when we are away. But speakin' of that quare critter we saw on the lake, I tell you, boys, that I don't like the idee of havin' strange things like that prowlin' round. Not that I'm afraid of it, but blowed if it don't meck a feller feel sorter creepy. As I said before, I've hearn tell of some perty quare things happenin' about this lake, an' the red skins have it that a spirit haunts it, an' that to see the spirit brings bad luck."

"Pshaw, I don't believe in anything of that sort," declared Ray. "I'm not afraid of spooks."

The old trapper shrugged his shoulders.

"Most everybody will say the same thing," he said, "but I notice that most of 'em git uneasy when it comes to the pinch. I've seed fellers in my time that wasn't afeard to tackle a grizzly bear yet they'd walk a mile out of their way to keep from passin' a graveyard at night, an' couldn't be persuaded to eat at a table whar thar was thirteen. As for me, I can't say I'm afeared of this yere apperishun we seed on the lake, but I'd feel a blamed sight easier if it would pick some other locality to live in while I'm hyar. But mind you, I ain't sayin' that what we seed is a spook or anything of the kind. It may be some cunnin' cuss up to some meanness, an' no one can tell what it will be till somethin' happens."

After Reeder had finished his supper he took a turn along the shore of the lake, to see, as he expressed it, if he "could start the spook from cover." But after an hour's absence he returned and reported the futility of his trip.

The next day they put out a few traps along the lake, and in the afternoon Reeder and Lee Morgan took a half-dozen traps and went to a creek a mile to the north, leaving Ray at the cabin.

"It ain't best to leave the cabin alone jist now," Reeder remarked. "Some sneakin' red skin might happen along an' plunder it."

Left alone, Ray took an ax and went up the slope and spent an hour or so cutting wood, so as to be provided with plenty of fuel when the cold weather should set in, for though it was now but the latter part of September, he knew that rough weather might set in at any time.

About four o'clock as he was returning to the cabin he was attracted by hearing voices, and glancing down the lake he saw two persons approaching.

At first he thought it was his companions returning, but a second glance showed him that the two were strangers.

The foremost was a youth of near Ray's own age. He was well dressed and carried a fancy rifle with silver mountings. Ray recognized him as Frank Mitchell, the son of a well-to-do merchant who lived in the village of Gray Rock, a couple of miles from Ray's home. The other a youth of about sixteen, was Carl Manning, a friend of Frank's. Carl's father was a fur-trader and was considered wealthy.

A Woman's Health

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The two approached the cabin without seeing Ray, and pausing before the door, they pushed it open and glancing inside, stopped abruptly.

At that instant Ray came up.

"Just walk in," he said as he greeted them.

"Are you occupying this cabin?" asked Frank, ignoring the invitation.

"At present," replied Ray.

"By what right?" demanded Frank, imperatively.

"Oh, by the right of discovery, I suppose," smiled Ray.

"That is about what I supposed," said Frank, drily. "I shall have to ask you to get your traps out of there."

"Why, does the cabin belong to you?" asked Ray in surprise.

"I consider that it does, for the present, at least."

"That sort of a title doesn't seem any better than mine," replied Ray.

"It doesn't matter how it seems to you," broke in Frank. "I shall have to trouble you to move out."

"But you haven't shown any right to order me out," said Ray. "If the cabin is your property, of course you shall have it."

"I was over there a month ago," replied Frank, "and I picked out this cabin for my friends and myself when we should come here for our fall hunt, so you will have to move out."

"I am sorry not to oblige you," responded Ray, "but if you care to do so we can share the cabin together."

"We prefer to have it all to ourselves," Frank interposed, with an air of insolence.

He had been used to having his way, and it piqued him to meet with opposition. Moreover, he was the bully of the village where he lived, and few of his acquaintances cared to offend him. Ray was well aware of all these things, and it raised his anger to have the bully try to intimidate him.

"When we came here the cabin was empty," Ray replied, "and so we took possession. If the owner should return and want it we would get out, but I can't see what right you have in the matter."

"Do you aim to tell me that you won't get out?"

"To be sure."

"Look here, do you know who I am?"

"I think I do."

"Then you ought to know better than to trifle with me."

"There's a great deal of things I ougt to know that I don't," Ray returned calmly.

"There is one thing you don't seem to know," said Frank, with suppressed wrath, "that you have got to keep a civil tongue in your head when you talk to me."

"I have been as civil to you as you have to me."

"Well, I don't propose to bandy words with such as you. You get your dirty traps out of that cabin or I'll make you."

The words and air of the bully nettled Ray, but he held himself in check. He was not quick to take offense, and he was inclined to avoid a quarrel with any one, though when he had once taken a position, he held to it with stubborn persistence.

"If you have come here to quarrel you had as well move on," he said.

"Oh, you want me to move on, do you?" cried Frank. "Well, I shall not move from here till I see you take those things out of the cabin or have the satisfaction of blacking your eye for you."

"I think you had better move on and let me alone," warned Ray. "I don't want any trouble with you."

"But I am going to give you a little trouble just for fun!" declared Frank, convinced that Ray was anxious to avoid an encounter with him. "I'll make you wish you had kept a civil tongue in your head."

"Are you going to do it with your mouth?" asked Ray.

The face of Frank grew crimson with rage.

Could it be possible that this fellow who he thought stood in fear of him was actually poking fun at him?

CHAPTER III.

FRANK MITCHELL IS SURPRISED.

"Can't you see that he is actually poking fun at you, Frank?" cried Carl Manning, amazed that any one snould dare to brave the anger of the champion boxer and wrestler of Gray Rock. "Why don't you teach him a lesson."

"That is just what I am going to do!" exclaimed Frank, leaning his rifle against a tree and advancing toward where Ray stood.

He evidently expected Ray to retreat, but in this he was mistaken. Ray stood calmly waiting for him, without the least concern visible on his face.

When Frank was within six yards of Ray he leaned forward suddenly, and with clenched fist made a dash for him. Ray never moved, but calmly waited till Frank was almost upon him; then with a movement that was a marvel of quickness, he slipped to one side, and with a dexterous manoeuvre tripped his assailant and sent him sprawling on the ground.

A gasp of astonishment came from Carl, and he could hardly believe his eyes. The idea of the champion athlete of Gray Rock being buffeted about in such a manner by the strange youth was something so astonishing to Carl that he could only stand and look with open-mouthed wonder.

And Frank himself was none the less surprised. But he fully believed that it was only an accident, and that it could not be repeated. As he pulled himself together there was a look on his face that would be hard to describe. His eyes flashed and his breath came in gasps of rage.

"You contemptible puppy!" he panted, as he scrambled to his feet and pulled himesif together. "I'll teach you a trick or two before I am done with you!"

As he said this he made ready to advance on Ray. But this time he was treated to another surprise. Instead of waiting for the attack as he had done before, Ray leaped for his antagonist like a flash, and before the startled Frank could put himself in position to defend himself, Ray grappled with him. There was a momentary struggle, short and decisive, and the next instant Frank found himself hurled violently into a bunch of scraggy bushes six feet away.

He fell with crushing force, rolling over and over. The breath was quite knocked out of him, and when he at last struggled to his feet, there was a look of mingled bewilderment and baffled rage on his face.

He stood looking at Ray, his face crimson, his lips working with suppressed emotion.

"You low down beggar!" he cried, as soon as he could find speech, "if I had not missed my hold I shold have broken your neck. But I mean to do it yet."

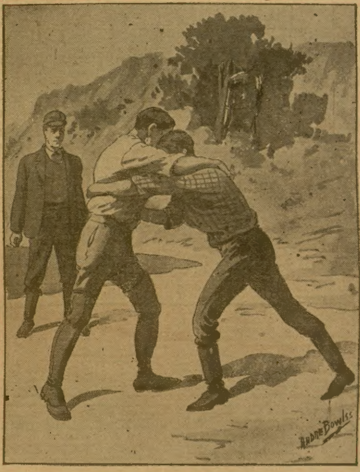
"Very well," replied Ray. "I shall not let you off so easily the next time."

"You won't?" roared Frank. "Do you dare to threaten me, you impudent beggar!"

Ray smiled grimly.

"You would probably be in the almshouse if your father was not able to keep you in idleness," he replied. "You seem to think that because you have enough to eat that you can bully other people. I have not tried to hurt you so far, but I will not promise to be so lenient the next time."

For once, Ray was losing his temper. It irritated him to listen to the insolence of the bully.



Like a flash he grappled with his antagonist.

Smarting with defeat, and enraged as he had never been before, Frank now pulled himself together and made a rush for Ray. He felt that his reputation was at stake, and he was resolved to exert every muscle in his body to defeat his hated antagonist.

Frank was an adversary not to be despised, for he was strong and active, and had been well trained in the arts of the athlete. But for all that he was no match for Ray. Never in his life had Ray met with a youth of his age who was his equal. His muscles were like whipcords, and his movements were expressive of that grace and power peculiar to the panther.

As Frank rushed at him he made no effort to strike him, but leaped forward like a flash and grappled with his antagonist. There was a momentary struggle, then he lifted Frank from the ground as if he had been a little child. Up, up, he went like a flash and then——

Crash!

With a mighty effort he had dashed him against the ground where he lay limp and lifeless.

At the same moment he felt a stinging blow from behind; then he reeled, blind and dizzy and sank to his knees.

Carl Manning, seeing his champion being defeated had seized a heavy stick and struck Ray a stunning blow across the head.

No sooner had Ray gone down than Carl dropped the stick and leaped upon him.

Weak and dizzy from the fearful blow, Ray was powerless to offer resistance just then, and he could only put up his hands to ward off the blows that Carl was aiming at his face. Clutching Carl's arms, he clung to him desperately while the two rolled over and over. With each breath Ray's strength was returning, and realizing this, Carl put forth every effort to free himself from Ray's embrace. But he might as well have tried to release himself from the coil of a boa constrictor. Ray contented himself to hold him thus, while he drew deep draughts of oxygen into his lungs, knowing that in a few moments more strength would return.

Carl was now in the predicament of the fellow who had caught a Tartar, and was confronted with the grave problem of finding some way of letting loose. A few moments more and Ray would again be the master of the situation, but just when he turned over the lake was brought in the range of his vision, and in that brief glance he saw a boat coming rapidly toward the shore, not fifty yards away.

In the boat were three boys, the friends of Frank and Carl, Ray realized at once, for they were calling loudly for Carl to hold out till they could reach the spot.

In their struggles, Carl and Ray had rolled down the incline till they were almost at the border of the lake, and in a few moments more the boat would touch at that spot.

With the other three against him, Ray felt that there was a slim chance for him to hold his own.

And now the boat was within a dozen yards of the shore, and there was something in the faces of the three in that boat that told Ray that they would show him no mercy.

This rattling good story of boyhood adventures will be continued in the Ledger issue of next week. You should read it to the end if you want to be entertained and interested, for some very strange and exciting things happen. Every family ought to take the Ledger, as it prints the best stories ever written for boys. Send in your subscription and receive one of our King Cameras entirely free. See our advertisement on page thirteen.

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After Alicia Got Back.

Alicia had just returned from Europe. Her impressions of the continent were to be delivered at the Wednesday session of the sewing chapter informally. Alicia had seen Paris in three days and had done London in two days. No other member of the sewing chapter had been further east than St. Joe, Mich. The Wednesday session, therefore, promised to be most interesting.

It was at Bertha Trewitt's, and Bertha is a hero worshiper. "I do hope you brought the photographs," she gushed when she greeted Alicia. "The girls are all dying to hear about your trip." Alicia's photographs included views of Mount Vesuvius and the Kremlin, although Alicia's tour had not included either Italy or Russia.

Before she entered the parlor conversation had begun upon a very near and dear theme—the new minister. It was hard to clear the way for remoter interests.

"Did you ever see such eyes?" said Sue Gay. "Sunday morning he looked straight at me during the whole sermon."

"That's your imagination," declared Alma Waite. "I noticed particularly that he gazed right over everybody's head."

"I am simply in love with him, girls," purred little Helen Hilbrook.

"It's useless, Helen," advised Sue, "I've heard that he is engaged to a girl in his last parish."

"Let's hear about Europe," hinted the hostess.

"When I was in London——" began Alicia.

"Were you awfully sick going over?" asked Sue. "I wouldn't go to Europe for worlds just on that account. Now, I don't feel the same about Lake Michigan——"

"Will you ever forget the day we went to Milwaukee?" began Alma. "Helen was so ill she wanted to die."

"When I was in London—" repeated Alicia.

"I suppose the fogs are dreadful there," suggested Sue, with perfunctory interest.

"Simply dense, girls. One day when I was there the street lights were on at noon. But about the shops——"

"Speaking of shops," interrupted Alma, "I got the most wonderful bargain downtown yesterday. A perfect love of a collar, and only nineteen cents."

"The Lon——"

"How long were you in Paris, Alicia?" demanded Sue. "My cousin once sent me a dozen pairs of gloves from there. They weren't very good gloves, either."

"Of course, you saw Stratford-on-Avon," commented Kitty McFarlane, who had hitherto been engrossed in buttonholes. "Everybody does, and it's such a bore." Alicia's photograph of Stratford-on-Avon was third from the top. "Who cares for Shakespeare's birthplace and such moldy old things? I'd rather go to the dear little cafes in London, where you order marrow puddings."

"O, the Paris restaurants are much more fun than that,' Kitty," said Sue before Alicia could open her mouth. "My cousin told me so."

"Do let Alicia go on," urged the hostess. "We are all so interested in London!"

"I should think," remarked Sue, "that the most interesting country to hear about would be Holland. You weren't in Holland, were you, Alicia?" Her tone said, "Tell me about Holland or tell me nothing."

"The London shops——" repeated Alicia, with despairing tenacity.

"Well, Alicia, you can talk all you want about London and that sort of thing," declared Alma, "but I believe in seeing our own country first. Before I go to Paris I intend to visit New York and San Francisco."

"I know, Alma," assented Alicia, wearily, "I was only going to say that the London shops——"

All the time little Helen Hilbrook had been sitting in silence, soberly introspecspective. "Who told you he is engaged, Sue?" she now broke out suddenly.

And Alicia became glassy-eyed.

In a few minutes the maid appeared with chocolate, and conversation gave place to sandwiches.

"Now, Alicia," murmured Bertha Trewitt, soothingly, "tell us about the London shops."

If you would transform a friend into an enemy, remind him of his faults.

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WILMOT'S JUSTIFICATION.

By FRED F. FITCH.

"Young man, I tell you again, you can't have Lucady." Eben Orton clucked to his horses and started down the long field.

The young fellow followed for a few steps, but the elder man went stubbornly on, deaf to his protestations and apparently intent on the furrow that he was turning.

Seeing that his words were unheeded, the younger man retraced his steps and climbed upon the fence to await the farmer's return.

"Stubborn old fool," he remarked savagely, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow. "I suppose that if I had on a pair of overalls and a hickory shirt, instead of these, he'd fall on my neck and welcome me into his family," and he glanced ruefully down at his fashionable clothes.

He waited until the farmer had returned to about the middle of the field and then climbed down and walked to meet him. The other made no sign that he was aware of his presence, however, and went diligently on with his plowing.

The young man flushed angrily, as Eben passed him unconcernedly and, after an irresolute pause, turned and followed him with a determined step. Reaching his side, he walked along with him for a moment before speaking. Then, courteously but decidedly, he said:

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"Mr. Orton, I don't want to be bothering you and interfering with your work, but I am going to stay in this field until this matter is definitely settled. What have you got against me?"

"Can you earn enough to support a wife?"

"It isn't necessary for me to earn a cent," was the answer. "You know Mr. Orton, that I have got more than enough money to support a wife."

"That wasn't what I asked you," replied the farmer angrily. "Suppose the banks fail. Suppose you lose your money in some way. Men with larger fortunes than yours have been paupers before they died. What would you do then? Have you a trade? Can you even plow a straight furrow like that?" And he pointed proudly to the mark of his plow, running undeviatingly across the broad field.

"O Jiminy," groaned the youth, in an aside, "he's riding his hobby again." Then he said aloud: "No, Mr. Orton, I have no trade and I know nothing about farming, but I've got a good education—"

"A good education," broke in the other contemptuously. "What good is that? Go into town and see what that will get you. Why, you couldn't keep off the town farm."

"I know," the young man admitted, "that it wouldn't be much good out here in the country, but in the city—"

Again Eben interrupted. "No girl of mine goes to the city to starve. You get out and learn a trade or learn how to run that big farm of yours instead of puttering around in the woods all the time, and then I'll talk to you. Show me that you can support a wife by your own efforts. That's all I've got to say to you. Giddap," and he moved off, down the field.

The young man slowly climbed the fence and sauntered moodily across the adjoining field, flicking angrily at the yellow heads of the dandelions with his light cane.

"Learn a trade," he remarked scornfully. "With all my money! Plow a furrow. As if that was the only respectable occupation on earth. I won't do any such thing."

John Wilmot was an orphan. His mother had died in his youth and his father during John's last year at college, leaving behind him a substantial fortune for his only child. The nucleus of this wealth had been earned on a farm in the vicinity of Sidney and, by judicial investment, Mr. Wilmot had accumulated the rest.

John cherished a deep affection for the old farm, but early in life had displayed a pronounced distaste for farm work. He derived a good income from the place, now under the direction of a competent manager, and spent his summers in his native village and his winters in the city or in the south, as he chose.

He could not see the necessity for working; commercial life in any form was offensive to him. He was a diligent student, however, and in his extreme youth had conceived a passionate attraction for plants and trees. The timber tract on his father's land had been a source of constant pleasure and marvelous wonder.

He had watched with delighted astonishment and awed reverence the development of the young trees and the ever changing phenomena of the older veterans. To him they seemed like living, breathing companions and every unusual circumstance connected with their growth was indelibly imprinted upon his memory.

So, when he forbade the destruction of any one of his childish associates, this order, communicated to the neighboring farmers by his wondering employes was regarded as further evidence of his mental incapacity.

They, in common with Eben Orton, regarded an idler as an abomination, and insisted that every man must work, regardless of his necessity for so doing. They refused to consider his intellectual efforts in the light of labor and displayed a profound contempt for the distinction that he had won at college.

When he consistently refused to cut his timber himself or sell it to others for that purpose, his neighbors viewed the offending tract with envious eyes, for there was a scarcity of wood in the vicinity. So this action did not increase his popularity and he was generally referred to as "the shiftless son of Sam Wilmot."

They refused to accept him at any other than their own valuation, and they openly and cordially commended Eben for his refusal to sanction John's suit for the hand of Lucady Orton.

Lucady and John had been companions in childhood and early in life had declared their love for each other.

She alone seemed able to fathom the depths of his peculiar moods and appreciate the sincerity of his motives. People who in their ideas depart from the conventional are usually regarded as eccentric and such persons do not form many close attachments. Lucady was his only confidant, and this strengthened the bond between them.

They had never anticipated the unexpected objection which Eben now interposed. At first they had not taken the matter seriously, but with characteristic obstinacy Eben had maintained his position.

So, when the met that evening in the cool, silent woods, they were both quiet and depressed. They strolled hand in hand through the leafy avenues and for awhile neither spoke. John broke the silence:

"I don't understand it, Lucady. Learn to farm; learn a trade, indeed. Your father knows that it would take four or five years, at least. There is no sense in it," he finished angrily.

"I think your refusal to cut or sell this timber has something to do with it," she answered. "The neighbors are all encouraging father to turn you away, and he couldn't change now, without subjecting himself to their ridicule."

"I'll never do it," he cried passionately. "Not that I wouldn't do anything for you, Lucady, but—well, I can't explain, but you know how I feel about these dear old trees of mine."

"Yes, dear," she replied gently. "I know just how you feel. I love them too. They brought us together and I wouldn't have you destroy them, even to gratify father. We will wait and hope."

Several weeks later the evening train brought a party of distinguished looking strangers to Sidney. This event created a decided furore, and the wonder increased when they asked to be directed to John Wilmot's house.

The next morning, and for several days thereafter, the curious inhabitants watched the party, under John's guidance, explore the country carefully and with apparent interest. They noticed also that the men spent considerable time in the timber on the Wilmot farm.

The more inquisitive neighbors, who found an excuse for passing the grove, reported that the strangers were examining the trees, and the story was immediately circulated that John was about to dispose of his timber so as to pacify Eben and secure his consent to the marriage.

The strangers departed and John carefully ignored all questions, both direct and implied. The neighbors noticed, however, that John and Lucady were frequently together and that they appeared to have some good joke between them, judging from their immoderate laughter whenever they met.

Several weeks passed and still there was no sign of the destruction that the gossips had prophesied. John continued to evade their curious inquiries and they were frankly puzzled.

Finally, one evening, John went joyously to the Orton homestead and, bursting in upon the astounded family, threw a large, official looking document in front of Eben.

"What's this?" asked the astonished farmer.

"That, sir," cried the delighted John, "is my contract with the government for 10 years at a salary of $5,000 a year. Pretty near as good as a trade or farming, isn't it?"

"Five thousand dollars a year. Why, that's more than I make in five years on my farm. You earn a salary like that? I don't understand it. What are you going to do to earn so much money?"

"I'm going to be a forestry expert for this district and show you farmers how to raise timber and take care of it."

And, throwing his arms about the blushing Lucady, he continued: "I claim my wife, according to your own terms. I guess I can earn enough to support her," he concluded dryly.

"Well, I guess you can," replied the chagrined farmer. "But where did you ever learn anything about forestry?"

"Well," answered John, triumphantly, "I learned the most of it over in that patch of timber on my farm."

EXTRAORDINARY!

The other day, upon the street,
My own and no one else's eye
Did see a lilac-colored horse,
As sure as jam and custard pie.

And by him, ran upon his feet
A puppy, colored like the rose,
As sure as Ecuador and France,
As sure as poetry and prose.

And you, indeed, may see yourself
This most extraordinary sight,
For lilacs, child, and roses too
Are very often colored white.

TAMSON'S BIG DOG.

It is not by any means lonely in Bibberly Heights—far from it; the suburb is about as well built up as any you will find within twenty-five miles of Chicago. Of course, the houses don't run in continuous rows. There are spaces between, as there should be; but women are a little unreasonable at times and Mrs. Tamson complained of a feeling of isolation. When the tramp with the black beard was seen in the outskirts of the syndicate woods and Jim Peabody's Plymouth Rock pullet disappeared she was in a nervous condition for days afterward. She declared she never had an easy moment when Tamson was away. That was why Tamson bought the dog.

The dog was a sort of compound of Siberian bloodhound, mastiff and Great Dane —a short-haired, long-bodied beast, whose back was waist-high to Tamson, and Tamson isn't a small man.

It took Tamson forty-five minutes to get this beast from the station to the house, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, and he was thoroughly exhausted when he arrived. Twice the dog had set off in an altogether wrong direction and had taken his owner along, being a self-willed and opinionated sort of animal and insensible to any ordinary argument.

That night there was an informal reception in Tamson's back yard, the dog, which sat on his haunches with a foot of tongue lolling derisively out the side of his mouth, being the center of interest. Tamson, with an air of proud proprietorship, enlarged on Pluto's ferocity and the terror Pluto had occasioned the baggageman on the way down.

"Not much danger of tramps around here now," said Tamson. "By jinks! I'd like to see the tramp who would venture within a mile of Pluto! Look at those jaws, eh?"

"Beats burglar alarms," said Battergall.

"Those teeth won't miss fire," commented Sparreck.

"My! Don't he look savage? I'd be afraid to go near him," said Mrs. Battergall, edging behind her husband.

"Going to chain him up?" inquired Sparreck.

"Not much," replied Tamson. "I'm going to turn him lose, where he can do business if necessary. What's the use of chaining him?"

"My idea was that he might do business when it wasn't necessary," said Sparreck.

"Oh, he'll soon get used to my friends," said Tamson, airily.

"Won't tear us to pieces after the first two or three times, eh?" said Battergall. "That's good."

"Really, I am afraid for the children," said Mrs. Battergall.

Tamson said he would keep the yard gate shut, but the neighbors did not seem to be greatly reassured.

For the next month or two the Heights was pretty well terrorized by Tamson's dog. The butcher and the iceman and the grocer delivered their goods over the back fence. The children went a whole block around on their way to school. The Tamsons had always been rather popular in the suburb, so that their friends did not immediately give up calling on them, but they called with circumspection. They would stand at the front gate and scream or throw stones at the front door till Tamson or his wife came out and soothed Pluto.

One day Pluto got through the fence and picked a quarrel with Simpson's Pomeranian and killed it. Then he proceeded majestically down the street to the village, walked into the butcher shop, pulled down a quarter of lamb from the hook on which it was hanging and made a leisurely meal, while Chubb, the butcher, and his assistant looked impotently on through the crack of the icebox door.

Tamson mended the fence, but within a week Pluto got out again and raided the Peabody chicken yard, besides running after the Battergall children and scaring them half to death. That made trouble with the Battergalls and had the further effect of alienating the Sparrecks, who were formerly Tamson's closest friends. Mrs. Simpson began to complain of isolation again and to suggest getting rid of her protector. Tamson is generally tractable, but several other people had made the same suggestion and he did not intend to give in.

One morning Tamson got up early to mow the grass, and, finding Pluto lying on a flower bed, shouted at him to "Get off of there." Pluto opened one eye and rolled it around in his master's direction, but took no further notice. Tamson stirred him with his foot, at which he curled up his lip and let out a rumbling growl. Tamson concluded that it was a shame to disturb him.

At breakfast, however, he remarked that possibly Pluto was a little terrifying to timid people and he didn't know but he would have to get rid of him. He would think it over. Just as he spoke he looked out of the window and saw a man bending over the gate to unlatch it. He was an elderly man, with a pale, emaciated face, ragged and dirty and unshaven—a tramp. At the same moment Pluto's deep bay was heard and Tamson started up.

"He'll kill the poor devil!" he exclaimed, and ran out.

He was too late. The tramp was halfway to the front door when a big tawny bulk came leaping at him around the corner of the house. The vagrant stopped and drew back his right foot and as Pluto was almost on him delivered such a tremendous kick in the animal's ribs that he overbalanced and fell backward. He was up in an instant, but Pluto had fled to his kennel emitting the most blood-curdling howls of agony and terror.

"Come up," called Tamson to the tramp. "Want something to eat? You go to the kitchen door while I give that blamed dog the licking of his life. I'll teach him to run at people."

A man called for Pluto the next day and Tamson hasn't kept a dog since.

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The time may be soon or late in the course of a courtship, but it will mark, beyond a chance of mistake, the moment when he may venture to ask the important question, certain of winning.

When her eyes begin to wander in search of him, if he does not at once seek her side; when she stops talking to other people to listen to his most trivial utterances; when she lingers in his society, and shows him she thinks his remarks full of wisdom, and his baldest jokes the embodiment of humor —that is the moment for him to come boldly forward with his proposal, for the time for it is ripe.

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Married Rich.

Gus—I hear George has married an heiress. He's in clover now, I suppose?

Dick—No, he's working like a horse, trying to pay his board at a forty-dollar-a-week hotel. Her father pays hers, and she won't live anywhere else.

Cruel.

Distressed Mother (traveling with crying baby)—Dear me! I don't know what to do with this child!

Bachelor—Shall I open the window for you, madam?

His Dream of Glory.

The little Indians were so unusually quiet and diligent that warm summer afternoon that every one in the schoolroom save the old teacher heard little T-kee-Te whisper in Hugh Chee's ear, "Look out, Hugh, work your example! She's coming."

Yes, every one heard that, save the teacher, who was busy thinking of something else, and Hugh Chee, who was fast asleep.

"If it takes eighteen hours to construct one-twelfth of a house, how long will it take to construct the whole house?" That was the problem to be solved.

"Ugh!" thought Hugh Chee. "What sense is there in an Indian's working such an example? Let the paleface weary his brain over that. An Indian has no house to build."

Hugh was the most unruly boy in the school and the teachers had given him up as incorrigible long ago. The tasks which the others delighted in he seemed to abhor. When he should have been working examples he made boats of birchbark or whittled his penholder into an arrow. Hugh was Indian to the core. He was proud of it and he wished everybody to know it, too. Lest they should make the mistake of taking him for a paleface because he did not wear Indian clothes or paint his face in the Indian style, he always signed himself "Hugh Chee, Indian."

Countless were the whippings he had received, but whippings disturbed his felicity not in the least; in fact, they contributed toward it, since they tested his powers of undergoing torture. Let the others cry, when they were whipped; he would not. He would die first.

Oh, to be an Indian like the young Hiawatha, about whom the teacher read to them one warm afternoon when work was done! There was the model after whom every Indian ought to copy!

He looked at the stern brow of the teacher, and for a moment tried to concentrate his thoughts on his example, but through his brain ran the lines of Hiawatha he liked the best:

"Swift of foot was Hiawatha.
He could shoot an arrow from him
And run forward with such fleetness
That the arrow fell behind him.
Strong of arm was Hiawatha.
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness
That the ten had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen."

And already the example was like a thing forgot!

Gradually his eyes closed, his head sunk on the desk. Hugh Chee fled, swifter than could Hiawatha's arrow, to the land of dreams.

At last his fierce speeches had incited his comrades to action. Ashamed of the lives, so unworthy of their ancestors, that they were leading, they at last arose in revolt, chose him for chief and fled in a body from the hated precincts of the school to the open prairie. Now they were where they belonged, where nature intended them to be. Their shouts of joy re-echoed over the prairies. Free! Free! Not hemmed in between gloomy walls, but out on the endless plains under the open sky!

A year rolled by and, under Hugh Chee's leadership, his tribe became the mightiest on the prairies, the mightiest in war and the mightiest in the chase. At their approach the paleface trembled. Well he might, for by their strong arms whole villages were swept away and the paleface was sent flying in terror over the seas whence he had come and where he belonged. No quarter was asked and none was given. If the warriors of his tribe slaughtered man and woman and child without mercy, they suffered torture without quailing.

But the day had come when another tribe grew bold enough to dispute their sovereignty and a mighty battle was to decide with which lay the ascendancy. Hugh Chee —now known as the Defier-of-the-Thunder —mounted on his black charger, led them on. There his enemies came galloping on their wild steeds over the prairie, shouting fearful battle cries, swinging tomahawks and brandishing bows. Onward both armies dashed at full speed. It was to be an open battle, unlike any other ever recorded in their long and bloody annals. There was to be no ambush and no trickery. Indian to Indian, that day they must decide which should prevail.

Defier-of-the-Thunder calmly aimed his arrow at the leader of the enemies' forces, bent his strong bow and——

Defier-of-the-Thunder gave a fearful yell! The heavy ruler of his teacher came crashing down on his back and in his ears resounded the cry: "You lazy, intractable, little Indian, why don't you work your example?" I. K. FRIEDMAN.

Down on the Farm.

"Hank Hardapple's got a regular code for makin' love to that Swanson gal," drawled the farmer at the green pump. "When he stamps his foot once on the barn floor that means 'I love yeou.' When he stamps twice that means 'Give me a kiss.' When he stamps three times that means 'Give me a hug.'"

"Gosh and hemlock!" grinned the hired man. "That must be the stamp language these here youngsters are always writing to the papers about."

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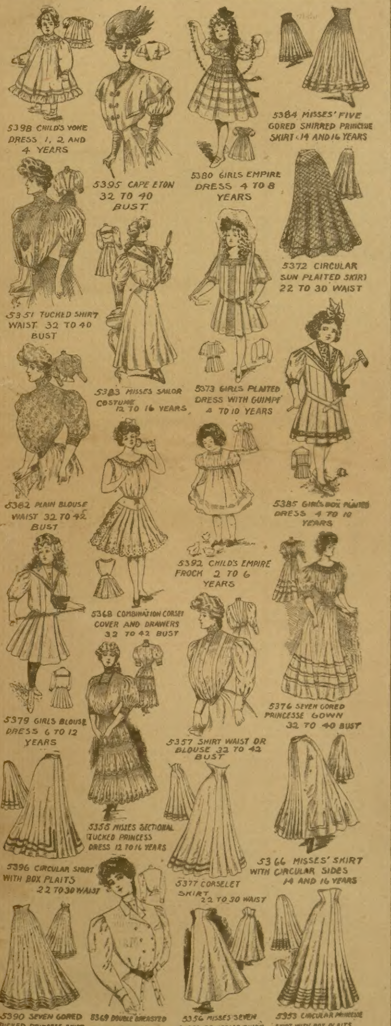
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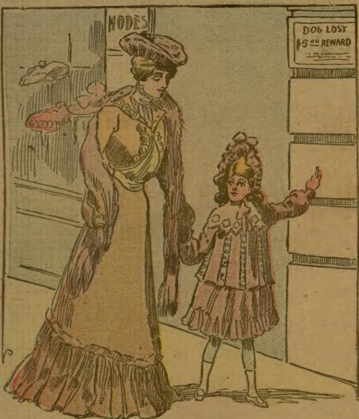
And picks his teeth 'mong the languid swells.
Or lounges about the theater doors,
Watching the crowd as it outward pours,
Glancing,
Ogling,
Winking alway
At the ladies leaving the matinee.

Oh, the dude, the beautiful dude!
With never a smatter of sense imbued,
With the beauty and grace of an English pug,
That aimless women are wont to hug,
With a shapeless nose and a shy mustache,
'Mong the female fools he cuts a dash,
Dancing,
Waltzing,
Mashing away,
The wee sma' hours at the 'proach of day.

Beautiful dude! It can do no harm
As it softly grasps a lady's arm;
And, though it makes a true man sick,
'Twould never do to give it a kick,
Because life's force would be tame and crude,
Without a touch of the brainless dude,
Walking,
Lounging,
Twirling his cane,
And spending the bulk of his father's gain.



"What's that sign on the door for, mamma?"
"It's a notice of a lost dog, whose master would like to have it back."
"Well, why don't they put it lower down so the dog can read it?"

Game of Press Gang.

For this jolly game you want about a dozen boys, one to represent an officer, half a dozen to represent his marines, and the rest to represent victims of the press-gang.

The officer and his marines catch one of their companions and call out:

"High ship, or low ship;
King's ship or no ship?"

If he says "high ship," or "low ship," or "king's ship," he is led off a prisoner in charge of two of the gang. But if he says "no ship," he is seized bodily by the entire gang and hustled off to the place reserved for pressed men. He meanwhile kicks and struggles for freedom, thus making a lot of excitement.

After all the victims have either been pressed or have been taken prisoners, they in turn represent a press-gang and do the same stunts to their companions.

A Water Tiger.

"The tiger! The tiger! Look out for the tiger!" cries Mother Trout to her troop of troutings, and they scurry into the darkest holes they can find. But the tiger has made up his mind that young trout would exactly suit his fastidious appetite, and trout he is determined to have. He darts after the babies, and seizing a couple in his cruel jaws he crunches them, bones and all, then retires to his watery couch beneath the flat stone. After a few minutes' rest he is off on another hunting trip, and this time he captures an angleworm and a tiny toadlet.

Some day the water tiger will take a long nap, and when he awakens he will find that his fairy godmother has waved her wand over him, changing him to a handsome beetle with a shining coat of mail.

Game of Dancing Bear.

A player, who doesn't mind going on all-fours at times, is covered over with a shawl, which, provided he cannot see through it, should otherwise be light. He is the bear, and his keeper leads him about at the end of a rope fastened round his arms and body, but adjusted so as to leave the arms free below the elbow. The keeper sometimes hums or whistles a tune, to which the bear will dance, but he warns the party that the animal is of uncertain temper, and will try to catch some one. This the bear constantly endeavors to do, the keeper doing his best to prevent him by pulling on the rope. When, however, the bear succeeds, the player caught becomes bear.

Dog Letter Carrier.

A pathetic instance of a dog's devotion to its master is interesting the residents of Valparaiso, Ind., says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. A few weeks ago James J. Gray, a city mail carrier, died. A faithful shepherd dog which used to be his constant companion now goes over the man's route a couple times each day, starting and ending at the postoffice, at which place the almost frantic efforts of the animal to find the object of its affections among the employes have resulted in many plans being devised to divert it from the quest, but to no effect.

PAPA ENTERS.

Upon her mother's breast
She laid her curly head;
"I love you, mamma, dear,
With all my heart," she said.

Her father tride in vain
To wear a little frown;
"Then where do I come in?"
He questioned, looking down.

Her big, blue, merry eyes
With mischief brimming o'er,
She answered, with a laugh,
"Why, you come to the door!"

Which?

There's a question that has settled on my mind
And dimmed the placid brightness of my brow,
For although I've tried and tried
I can never quite decide
If I'd rather be a turtle or a cow.

How Fred Entertained.

"Fred!" called Mrs. Vane, from the foot of the stairway.

"Yes, auntie."

"Are you never coming down? Charley Hayes and his sister have come, and John Blake has been here a quarter of an hour."

"In just a minute, auntie; just as soon as I can get this new battery to work. I want to give the girls a surprise."

"Oh, dear! Such a boy!" sighed Mrs. Vane, as she walked away from the stairs. "Ever since he visited Edison's works he has been crazy over the subject of electricity. He has two or three batteries in his room, and the shelves are covered with bottles of different kinds," and Mrs. Vane hurried to meet the newcomers.

"Here is Fred now!" exclaimed Charley Hayes, rushing forward. "I declare, Fred! What has been keeping you upstairs such a long time?"

"I have been planning a surprise for you," he answered, placing his battery on the table.

Promptly at 7 o'clock the party began. The supper was a success, and after it was over every one felt in the best of humor. Then all were invited to join hands; the boys nearest to the battery taking hold of the handles, while Fred turned on the current. The girls shrieked and the boys laughed as the electricity passed through them, and the old folks enjoyed watching them.

The party broke up at 11 o'clock, everybody present having thoroughly enjoyed himself.

In the Wrong Office.

Pedler—My dear sir, do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into the ink? Ten dips a minute means six hundreds dips an hour or six thousand dips in ten hours, and each dip consumes—

Business Man—Yes, I know; I have figured it all out.

Pedler—And yet I find you still writing in the old way.

Business Man—Yes, I am using the fountain pen you sold me about a month ago—using it in the old way because it won't write any other way.

Pedler—Beg pardon; I'm in the wrong office. Good day.

THE PERSIAN ZOO.

Did you ever see a two-headed cat
With five legs that are black and blue,
And horns like a cow, and elephant's ears,
And neck like a mutton stew?

Did you ever see a mouse with wings,
It's tail like a kangaroo,
It's nose like a couple of scrambled eggs?
I often have—haven't you?

Just lie on the floor near a Persian rug,
And the figures that stare at you
Are the strangest animals ever seen
Either in or out of the Zoo.

Carried by Bees.

An interesting experiment has been tried by a well-known naturalist. Having caught a number of bees as they returned to the hive laden with honey, he inclosed them in a light receptacle, and weighed them, the weight of the box being deducted from the total. The same bees were again captured on emerging from the hive, and again placed on the delicate scale. The result of the two operations showed that, when laden, the bees weighed three times as much as when empty.

Conundrums.

Why do so many Chinese travel on foot? Because there is but one Cochin China (coach in China).

Why is Berlin a dissipated city? Because it is always on the Spree.

When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little pats.

Why is the Prince of Wales like a cloudy day? He is likely to reign.

Why are tailors and sleighs alike? They are both cutters.

GROWN-UP ANSWERS.

Why, is it, every time I tell
Some funny thing I've found,
The grown-up folks that answer me
Just turn it right around?

Today I said to grandmamma,
"Now, don't you think it's queer,
Dear grandmamma, that there should be
A winter every year?"

She laid her knitting down, to watch
The bees and hear them hum.
"I think it stranger, child," she said,
"That spring should always come."

Nothing to Do.

Barren and rocky out there in the sea,
Bold and as cold as an island may be,
Loneliest islands and sorriest, too—
Poor little Islands of Nothing to Do.
Nobody wants them, for every one knows
Nothing takes root there, and not a tree grows.
Nobody lives there. To tell the truth, who
Wishes to stay where there's nothing to do?

Little Jap Fishermen.

In summer the Japanese children "go fishing" day after day for semi, or grasshoppers, which they catch with a rod and some birdlime. They carry home these grasshoppers in small bamboo cages, content to hang them up and listen to them chirping "mi-mi-mi" all day long.

Mule Had Whooping Cough.

Harry, aged 4, while visiting his grandparents in the country, heard a mule bray for the first time.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the little fellow. "That horsie has whooping cough awful!"